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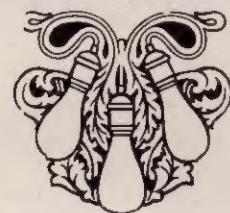
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CONTENTS

Graduation Essays

Opportunities for Women	Alice E. McDowell	8
Two Victorian Poets	Constance J. Keegan	10
The Call of the Open Road	Thelma E. Nelson	12
The Value of the Classics	Dorothy A. Rhoades	14
Statistics		16
Last Will and Testament		18
Class History		20
Who's Who		25
Prophecy to Girls		31
Prophecy to Boys		34
Address to Senior B's		37
Maplewood Prize Essay		38
Exchanges		40

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Graduation Essays

Conversation, the Divine Gift	Gladys Bramley	44
The Development of the Art of Music	Beatrice Mackie	46
Hobbies	Mayre A. Baranzelli	48
Statistics		50
Last Will and Testament		52
Farewell to Senior B's		53
Class History		54
Who's Who		56
Prophecy		59

Opportunities For Women

THE old adage "Frailty thy Name is Woman", fostered by Shakespeare, describes woman as she has been understood in the past, as she has been masqueraded in history, as she has been made to figure in literature, as she has, in a certain sense, existed.

In medieval times, when a woman displayed her ability, men thought that she was a witch. Note, if you will, the story of Joan of Arc. That poor shepherd girl, from the hills and forests of Lorraine, rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies. There she led the French armies to victory. But this child, who, at nineteen, wrought wonders so great for France, achieved no triumph and was never the center of the splendor of victory. Instead she was given a mockery of a trial, and burned to death at the stake.

At the present time, however, women are no longer suppressed as they were then, nor are they pleased to seclude themselves in the shelter of some high battlements there to await the triumphal return of their lords from battle. On the contrary they wish to act themselves.

Rather than the adage I mentioned before let us consider another, which is more fitting, namely "The Earth waits for her Queen". Does not this prophesy that grander type of woman, towards which today the whole world is moving, consciously or unconsciously, willingly or unwillingly because the current sets that way and there is no escape from it.

In all countries the war has had a very great influence on the position of women. It has aided the movement to free her from the educational, economic and social handicaps that had formerly prevented her from entering business or professional life on an equal footing with male competitors. And it did this largely by forcing into industry thousands of women to take the places of men, who were engaged in the World War.

At the present time, in England and France, the women are more especially the organizers and managers of the smaller lines of business. In the recent expansion of women's work, they have gone into business organization and education. In England particularly, women have entered politics.

In Germany, girls and boys are offered an equal chance to be educated. The system in that country is interesting. Each college or university has student houses, boarding houses and a general store, where girls and boys may live at from one fifth to one tenth the normal cost. Then too—work is provided to aid the students to earn their tuition. At present however, food is so scarce and costly that students are having a difficult task to keep alive. As a result of financial confusion and after-war chaos, professional improvement is difficult and little or no remuneration is offered to women who wish to enter the professions. Thus it is impossible to say just what opportunities are awaiting the women in Germany today.

In Italy the advance in opportunities for women has been great. Women are found entering many branches of business, and are to be found in increasing numbers, in the post office, the telephone service, and the banks. A number are working seriously in the sciences and intend to enter industrial research.

So much for our foreign neighbors, now let us consider the United States. A girl, if she be industrious, may work for a scholarship or may work to earn her tuition at some school after she graduates from high school. When a girl leaves high school without any intention of going to another school, the opportunities open to her are few. She may go to work to learn a trade, such as dress-making or millinery. She may if she be fortunate obtain office work. But these chances are as I have said, few, and advancement in these lines is slow.

If, however, the young lady goes to college, when she graduates, she has many fields open to her. For example, a graduate of normal school may teach in a grammar school, or may specialize in the religious field and thus become a missionary. Then, too, college graduates may teach in high schools, or may specialize in Physical Training.

It is astonishing that women have taken to agriculture. It is almost beyond belief that a young woman, possessing a college degree, should enjoy such work. But such is the case for specific examples may be found where college graduates have taken up potato and lemon growing, and even goat raising. These enterprises have proven that women have the power of organization and can make excellent use of it, if given an opportunity.

A woman is fond of novelties and dainty articles and perhaps that is the reason why she delights in opening a novelty shop or a tea room. Each year more and more women specialize in these lines and it pays, too!

A number of positions may be classed under professions, for women have entered them in earnest. Journalism, social work, medical and dental research, and even law have been penetrated by the women. The first woman doctor in the United States was Elizabeth Blackwell. About the middle of the 19th century she went to Philadelphia to study. There she was refused admission to a medical school. She finally obtained permission to work with a doctor. Through his influence she was admitted to a school in Geneva, New York. Later she went to Paris, where they insisted that she dress like a man if she wished to continue her studies. Her persistent refusal finally won and she attended college in woman's clothes. This illustration shows that the women are endeavoring to take a place in the positions in the world.

Two other examples I am going to tell you about. The first is a case of a woman engineer. This girl, a college graduate, is a traffic engineer in the Ohio branch of the Telephone Company. The future of the Company is dependent upon her estimates, and the result of them sends men to erect new poles and fling miles of wires between centers of population. The second example is a specific case where the Diplomatic Service of our Government has been opened to women. This girl was offered a position as secretary to an ambassador but preferred to take an examination, as a result of which she is now a member of the Diplomatic Department at Washington.

All these examples prove the fact that new paths are being opened to women today and will continue to be opened to them tomorrow. And this result is the fruit of the efforts of the pioneers, who blazed the way to higher education and to wider achievements.

Alice E. McDowell

Two Victorian Poets

POETS are always the great sharers of life. They break the bread of life with us when they share the things in life that are most dear to them, their thoughts of the social love of mankind, of the personal love of man and woman, of the joy felt in the evanescent glory of a sunset, of the hopes and passions of our evolving race.

That two poets may differ greatly in their method of sharing experience is shown in the case of the two Victorians, Tennyson and Browning. It has been said that these two differ more in style than any other two poets who are products of the same age. Most strange to say, Browning has his greatest strength in the department in which Tennyson is weakest: namely, dramatic quality; whereas Tennyson finds his greatest strength in Browning's defect. It might be well to note that the latter's defect arises from his contempt for beauty, or possibly his inability to express it.

Browning is the most thoroughly vigorous and dramatic of all great poets who employ other forms than actual drama. To portray and interpret life, and to give readers a sudden and vivid understanding of its main forces in representative life, may be called the first obvious purpose of Browning. Sometimes this takes the form of a ringing narrative concerning a heroic deed as "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix", but more often it takes the form of a more reflective and quieter poem. Dramatic monologue, in which a character discusses his situation in life under circumstances which reveal with wonderful completeness the significance of the situation, has been developed by this artist into an instrument of hitherto unsuspected power. In "My Last Duchess" sixty lines suffice to sketch with incredible completeness two characters, an interesting situation, and the whole of a life's tragedy.

On the other hand, the charm of Tennyson's poetry lies in its exquisite artistry. So great is this poet's appreciation of sensuous beauty that no poet of modern times has equaled him as a painter. Perhaps of all poems by him "Enoch Arden" is the one that shows this quality most plainly.

Coupled with this great strength is the poet's harmonious combination of classic perfection and romantic feeling. As shown by practically every poem by Tennyson, it is this harmonious combination that makes his verse the most faultless of our language.

Even in the less important characteristics of their poetry how different these two poets are! Browning writes a great deal of Italy, while Tennyson invariably lays his settings in England. As his favorite heroes and heroines, Browning chooses people like himself, with strong and decisive power of action, able to take the lead when others clamor for a leader and none seems at hand, and to play controlling parts in the drama of life, while Tennyson's favorite hero is the knight, the knight who is the old bequest of chivalry. Yet how stalwart and picturesque are the knights that he portrays in the "Idylls of the King". The theme of practically every poem by Browning is devotion to an ideal, whereas Tennyson's most common form of poetry is the allegory. What is most noteworthy of Browning's verse is its moral teaching. But it is the rhythm of Tennyson's verse that makes

it famous. Perhaps that which is most noticeable in Browning's works is his range of characters, unsurpassed by any poet whatsoever except Shakespeare. In Tennyson's work on the other hand, we enjoy the atmosphere of the poem which is generally dreamy, romantic, and aloof from actual life.

In spite of these great differences, when we consider that poetry is the sharing of life in patterns of rhythmical words, it is impossible to say which poet is the greater. Let us note a few lines from Browning's "Andrea del Sarto", the lines in which "the faultless painter" describes the beautiful scenery of Italy.

"My youth, my hope, my art being toned down
To yonder sober pleasant Fiesole.
There's the bell clinking from the chapel-top;
That length of convent-wall across the way
Holds the trees safer, huddled more inside;
The last monk leaves the garden; days decrease,
And autumn grows, autumn in everything.
Eh! the whole seems to fall into a shape,
As if I saw alike my work and self
And all that I was born to be and do,
A twilight piece. Love, we are in God's hand;
How strange now looks the life He makes us lead.
So free we seem, so fettered fast we are."

Now let us take note of a few lines from the "Idylls of the King", the lines in which Lancelot describes his journey in quest of the Holy Grail.

"I came
All in my folly to the naked shore,
Wide flats where nothing but coarse grasses grew
But such a blast, my King, began to blow,
So loud a blast along the shore and sea,
Ye could not hear the waters for the blast,
Tho' heapt in mounds and ridges all the sea
Drove like a cataract, and all sand
Swept like a river, and all clouded heavens
Were shaken with the motion and the sound."

After recalling the narrative of "Andrea del Sarto" and the Holy Grail and having placed these quotations in their respective positions, each person must decide for himself which of the two men is the greater. It is impossible to express an inflexible opinion about the relative merits of these two poets for to each person that poet is better who has the greatest influence on his life—whether it is to help one in the obtaining of greater enjoyment or in the attaining of higher ideals.

Constance J. Keegan

The Call of the Open Road

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER once said that men are merely children grown-up. At no season of the year is the truth of this statement more obvious than in summer. When the blue skies bend smilingly above us, and the countryside is gay with flowers, Dame Nature whispers in our ear that now is the time for play. With one accord, our dignified, serious-minded elders long to put aside their irksome tasks and answer the call of the Open Road. And how fortunate is the man who can respond to the call! What pleasures are in store for him! We have so long been accustomed to thinking of Europe as the goal of all travelers that we are prone to forget the beauties of our own land, yet nowhere in the world may one travel with greater enjoyment or profit than in America. Truly, Henry Van Dyke's poem might have well read:

Oh London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, it's great to study Rome;
But when it comes to travelling, there is no place like home.

Nature has bestowed her gifts upon us with a lavish hand, and her gifts are as varied as they are beautiful. Chief among them is Yellowstone National Park, a veritable wonderland of Nature. Situated in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, it is yearly the mecca of thousands of travellers. Here we find pleasant trails for horseback riding, clear streams for fishing, hot water pools for bathing, deep gorges cut through beautifully colored rocks, even mud volcanoes from whose mouths rush forth gleaming streams of rainbow-hued mud. And yet it is the geysers which are the most interesting. We marvel at the power of Nature when we see them in action "throbbing and booming as if thunderstorms were at their roots, while the column of water stands rigid and erect, dissolving at the top into mist and spray." Surely anyone who cares for the works of Nature on a grand scale will do well to visit the Yellowstone.

And yet this region is not the only dwelling place of Beauty as we soon discover when we cross the Rockies and enter the country to the west. Here California greets us, a land of perpetual summer. White stretches of beach border on the flashing blue waters of the Pacific, fertile valleys stretch out at the foot of the Sierras, and the land basks in the warmth and geniality of southern sunshine.

With such endowments, is it not natural that everything produced in California should be on a large scale? Would not an agriculturist be in his element if he could see the corn which grows to the height of twenty feet, the pumpkins which oftentimes weigh four hundred pounds? It seems difficult to believe that holes from which beets have been pulled are frequently of a size sufficient for fence posts. No wonder Luther Burbank, the famous plant wizard, chose California for his home.

Even the trees are of mammoth size. Many of them are as large around as an ordinary living room. Several have been found to be over ninety feet in circumference which is as much as the distance around many a school room. A single giant tree will supply lumber enough to build a number of houses. Does it not seem fitting then, that California should be called the Land of Big Trees?

"Nature was in a kind mood when she created the West," we say, and yet was she not equally kind when she turned her steps eastward? Though people no longer believe in fairies, we can at least believe in fairyland if we once visit Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. The main hall of the cave resembles a fairylike ball room with its walls fretted in a thousand fantastic forms, and its ceiling covered with large and small rainbow-hued stalactites. Perhaps one of the prettiest places is Star Chamber. Here we realize for the first time in our lives what real blackness is,—a blackness that becomes almost oppressive. Then looking up towards the roof, we see the stars come out one by one, twinkling merrily, and blinking at us in evident delight at our first impression of alarm. Now we see a comet shoot across the mimic sky, and the glory of the milky way brings from our only too-willing lips expressions of surprise and delight. Indeed all the while that we are going through the cave our hearts thrill with admiration for Nature's handwork. Almost unconsciously we exclaim, "Surely this is Nature's masterpiece." Yet the same exclamation springs unbidden to our lips as we stand, a few days later, spellbound before the might and beauty of Niagara Falls.

The American Falls have been described as a long curtain of lacework and woven foam. If seen from the opposite side, while the sun is on them, they are blindingly white and the clouds of spray show dark against them. The Canadian Falls, almost overwhelming in their strength, plunge with a slow grandeur into the eternal thunder and white chaos below. Upon the waters there are always rainbows. The first thing we see when we come upon the Falls from above is a great double rainbow spanning the spray from top to bottom. Wonderful as it is to look at the falling water and foam, it is even more awe inspiring to take the trip under the Falls. We do not hear the sound of falling water, but merely a noise of falling. If one possesses the courage to open his eyes during the passage, he can see the prettiest tiny baby rainbows seemingly going along with him and barely out of his hand's reach. Sheets of light seem to fall past us and we are conscious only of a vague, ominous dread of something, we know not what. How insignificant one feels before the power of this gorgeous spectacle! Once again we are conscious that America is truly a land of scenic beauty.

These natural wonders are but a few of the inducements that Nature holds out to us to lure us from our daily tasks and entice us into the great open spaces. So varied are her charms that even the most exacting taste can find satisfaction and enjoyment. Daily she calls to us:

"Come choose your road and away, my lad,
Come choose your road and away!
We'll out of the town by the road's bright crown,
As it dips to the sapphire day!
All roads may meet at the world's end,
But, hey for the heart of the May!
Come choose your road and away, dear lad,
Come choose your road and away."

Thelma E. Nelson

The Value of the Classics

THE history of the growth of secondary education in America follows closely the important epochs in the history of the country. The colonial period had its Latin Grammar schools; the period from the Revolution to the Civil War, its academies; and in the period following the Civil War we have seen the rise and remarkable development of the public high school. It was founded to meet the actual commercial, industrial, and political necessities of the country. But, in carrying out this democratic aim of public and private service, adequate provision for the Classics has lately been somewhat neglected. There has not been a time in all our history when a knowledge of the Classics was so necessary as today. If democratic life and government are to be elevated to the highest point of efficiency and service to mankind, we must profit by a knowledge of the experiences, the errors, the wisdom, and the philosophy of the people of all ages. This the Classics alone can give us.

Perhaps the reason that comparatively few students are now studying Latin and Greek is that they do not fully understand or appreciate the value of the Classics. These studies are of especial value to professional men. They should be well educated, but they cannot be without a thorough knowledge and understanding of Latin and Greek.

The study of Latin, particularly, is of great practical value to the lawyer. Certainly there is nothing more necessary for him than skill in the use of language and shades of meaning. Indeed one noted teacher of law has said that a case clearly and forcefully stated is half won. All great scholars assert that the study of English can best be made through the Latin language. Therefore the student who wishes to become successful in this profession should have a thorough knowledge of the Classics. Another great advantage of the study of Latin is that it enables the lawyer to know the meaning of the many Latin terms used in law. Of course, the definitions of these words could be found in the dictionary, but the Latin student knows and appreciates their meaning without special study and tiresome memorizing.

The Classics are of even greater value to the physician. Science and the Classics cannot be separated. One cannot know even the rudiments of medicine without a thorough knowledge of both Latin and Greek. Without this he is unable even to write prescriptions, to know the names of his instruments and of the many muscles, nerves, bones, and organs of the body.

Nothing is more necessary, too, for the skilled laboratory worker than to be able to express clearly, concisely, and forcefully his findings which may be of great benefit to thousands. It has been said that it is the common failing of the present generation of chemists that they do not write as lucidly as those of former generations. The explanation of this lies, no doubt, in the fact that too little stress is now placed on actual scholarship in the Classics.

However, the value of the Classics is not confined to the professional man. The Classics are of great value to everyone. The excellent mental training derived from the study of Latin and Greek can be acquired from few other subjects. Translation is a matter of reasoning. Thanks to the declensions and to the severe

constructions so different from our own, each phrase becomes a problem for the student to solve, like problems in geometry or algebra. The habit of accuracy, thus necessarily formed, is automatically transferred to a vast range of new situations.

Another great value of studying the Classics is that it enables us to understand better the English language. As has been stated, the study of English can best be made through Latin and Greek. Through the knowledge of these studies our vocabulary is greatly increased, for three-fifths of our English words, even those most common in business, are derived from Latin and Greek. Hundreds of new words of Classical origin are added to our vernacular every year. Moreover, through the study of the literature of ancient Greece and Rome we gain a nice discrimination of synonyms and fine linguistic distinctions. The results of the study of Latin certainly more than pay for the exertion.

Another gift of the Classics to those who pursue them faithfully is great strength of character. The student who diligently studies his Latin or Greek, and overcomes the various obstacles and difficulties that daily present themselves, has won a prize which money could never buy—a prize which will be of countless value to him when he takes his place in the world. He has acquired perseverance!

But the greatest gift of the Classics to the world is genuine culture. The literature of the Greeks and Romans is full of some of the finest and best thoughts the world has ever known. If we wish to understand the origin and meaning of poetry of every kind, and of every form of philosophy, history, or oratory, we must turn to the great writers of Greece and Rome. If we would investigate the source of modern institutions in law, politics, or religion, we must study the works of those practical men who devised or wrote them. We can never properly explore the beginnings of the sciences and arts without finding ourselves back to the Romans and Greeks. Similarly, sculpture and architecture are directly or indirectly indebted to the products of these ancient people. Dr. Manatt of Brown University has very truly said, "Without Greek you cannot name a flower nor classify a drop of dew, to say nothing of telling the stars or sounding the depths of divine philosophy." Indeed, the best of our English and other modern writers are so saturated with the spirit and thought of the Classics that one untrained cannot fully understand the constant allusions that are made. However little they may know of one another's literature, the cultivated people of all lands today hold the Classics as a common possession, and insist upon the absorption of their spirit as a password to the lodge of intellectual culture.

Thus, through the Classics, we translate into terms of life and character the best that has been thought, said and done in the world.

Dorothy A. Rhoades



Class Statistics June 1924

THAT no two persons have the same tastes and ideas is a fact as old as the hills. This, with the additional fact that our class is the largest graduating class that Pittsfield High School has ever had, made our task of counting the statistic votes a hard one. However, we succeeded in doing so, and therefore hope that everyone will be satisfied with the result.

The most interesting question for the feminine members of the class (and maybe for the others) is who is the prettiest girl. There was a hard battle among Bernice Jordan, Minnie Merriman and Evelyn White for this honor. "Bernie" came out victorious with the other two not far behind.

Our class did not prove an exception to the saying that men are more conceited than girls, for in counting the votes, we had an impression that most of the boys voted for themselves. We will not attempt to name all the aspirants, but Emil Denoyers led the list. Don't get too excited, girls,—he's rather bashful before women.

Ann Burwell, our girl from the sunny south is by far our cutest girl. Of the boys "Eddie" McGee proved to be the cutest.

"Bernie" Jordan's votes for the most popular girl were as numerous as the suggestions offered at our famous class meetings. Of course, "Herb" Wollison is our most popular boy.

Now comes the matter of cleverness. We have to admit that as a class we are clever, but certain individuals in the class excel in cleverness and that is why Thelma Nelson and "Herb" Wollison were chosen respectively the most clever girl and boy.

As model girl and boy students, Dorothy Rhoades and Bernard Boutwell were selected. It is not surprising since both are members of the Pro-Merito list.

According to the class, Doris Kirby is our quietest girl while George Anderson holds the honor among the boys.

Sophie Cohen took away from Gladys Briggs the laurels of class giggler.

As there is no way to distinguish between the Reilly brothers, the "Reilly Twins" were voted the class wit.

For the class poet Ann Burwell received as many votes as there are freckles on "Dan" Coffey's face. As he is the best-natured boy, we are sure that he will not mind this unfortunate simile.

Although Louise Wolven has not been with us very long, she has had a chance, nevertheless, to show her good-natured disposition, and was therefore justly chosen our best-natured girl.

We believe the class thinks that the vamp must be both pretty and popular for Bernice Jordan received an overwhelming number of votes for this.

"Ev" White excels in the noble art of dancing, with Louise Wolven almost her equal. Our leader in the terpsichorean art among the boys is Gerald Claffie.

Emil Denoyers, being the handsomest boy, naturally had to have the best complexion of the boys. Minnie Merriman, one of the aspirants for the prettiest girl, has the best complexion of the girls.

In these days, with long hair as rare as a straw hat in January, we have a few girls with their crowning glories still unshorn. Sophie Cohen, with her long au-

burn curls, has the prettiest hair. "Ginny" Waugh's curly bobbed hair won for her the honor of having the prettiest bob.

Our class is so bright that it actually shines. The most brilliant are Alice McDowell and "Eddie" Hebert.

George Kelley was selected our class musician. George can produce sound from anything.

Perhaps the reason that our favorite sport is basketball is because many of the boys were on the school team, several of the girls played it at the Girls' League, and the rest naturally were interested to see their classmates "perform".

The athlete among the girls is Helene Lummus, and among the boys, naturally, "Dave" Dannybuski.

Our class as a whole is not good in art, but one member, Eva Rosenbaum, is recognized by us as our artist.

Neill Bridges with but one vote over "Jack" Gamwell is our "shiek".

A happy maiden, bright and gay, with a smile goes on her way, describes our sunbeam, Gladys Briggs.

Our class pet animal is "Wow", which "Herb" Wollison can call to him better than anyone else. He likes to call "Wow", fourth periods, especially.

Here and there, and everywhere, you hear seniors saying their favorite expression, "That's a lot of bunk".

"Don" Steinway, with but a few more votes than Jack Gamwell received the honor as class radio fan.

Although George Kelley doesn't really exist on potato chips, he is our champion potato chip eater.

As for heavyweight we could have only one aspirant,—"Bill" Skinner. His direct opposite is "Izzy" Green.

For the class baby,—there was a close race between Laura Van Benschoten and "Dot" Rhoades. Laura however was swifter.

Our able purse-string holder, Bernice Jordan is the most business-like girl. "Jack" Gamwell is the most business-like of the boys.

"Betty" Yeadon is the class butterfly. No one dares compete with her in this respect.

For advice on what to wear on all occasions, the girls may ask "Ev" White, our best dressed girl, while the boys may do the same with "Still" Fielden, our best dressed boy.

Roma R. Duker,

Dorothy Moran,

Thelma Nelson.



The Will and Testament of the Class of June '24

(P)ON this twenty-third day of June 1924, under the just and mighty laws of the United States, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the County of Berkshire, and the City of Pittsfield, we, the June class of 1924, do hereby draw up this document bearing the following items:

Item: We reluctantly bequeath to our successors the worst high school building in the U. S. of A., but one of the best principals and faculties to be had.

Item: We give to the Senior and Junior classes our earnest desire to make their classes successful, trusting that they will always uphold the honor of their classes and school.

Item: To the Sophomores the class of '24 leaves their best wishes and the valuable advice given above.

Item: The Homer Class leaves to Mr. Goodwin all the stereotyped epithets of the Iliad for his future use and enjoyment.

Item: To the Freshmen the class of '24 consider it a duty as well as a pleasure to say that even if you are poked fun at, and become discouraged *don't give up*.

Item: This class gives its heartiest thanks to the editor and staff of the Pen for helping to make this issue a success.

Item: To the school at large we leave our inspiring class motto, "Non ministrari, sed ministrare".

Item: To Mrs. Bennett we leave the power to bring many more high and mighty Seniors over the rocky road of U. S. History and Civics; and also to tell them that great maxim "a little knowledge is an awful thing", and "there ain't no such animile".

Item: To Professor Hayes the privilege to tell all his ensuing Senior Classes that they are the laziest, most uncultured, most stupid, and homely classes that he has ever seen.

Item: To the following Review Math. classes we leave Mr. Lucey's spasmodic outbursts on zero, infinity, fourth dimension, and a hundred and one other "pet" subjects.

Item: We will allow Mr. Goodwin, keeper of room sixteen domain, to have all the Latin classes he wishes free from disturbance by any of *our* members.

Item: We, the members of room sixteen, give Mr. Goodwin's noteworthy tardiness chart to our successors.

Item: Miss Morris' Senior classes sincerely hope that she may continue to quote her helpful sayings, namely: "Weigh your sentences", "Get the shade of meaning", "Word for word, no; point for point, yes".

Item: Miss Mills' second period Vergil class hopes that her following Vergil classes will have no such members as "Dan" Coffey, "Pete" Sheridan, and the Reilly or Gump twins.

The following are a few personal bequests (the large number of members of the class makes it an impossibility for all to be included):

Item: Minnie Merriman heartily gives her powder box to Miss Waite who has coveted it for a long time.

Item: Bernice Jordan, our able treasurer, gladly relinquishes her job to Janet Macbeth.

Item: Mabel Knight, Alice Ferry, Catherine Sullivan, Ruth Gordon, Norma Volin, Elizabeth Lifvergren, Helene Lummus, and Minnie Merriman leave the lunch room table which has been their "stamping ground" for the last four years to some other ambitious group of Senior A girls.

Item: "Chubby" Gamwell surrenders the honor of having "that adorable hair" to any future Senior A who wishes to claim it.

Item: The Sandwich Club leaves its crumbs to Mr. Hayes.

Item: So that our female posterity of room sixteen will always have a mirror handy, Caroline Ciaburri will leave hers to the room. Dorothy Rhodes has kindly consented to do the same for room fourteen, as Betty Yeadon has for room thirteen.

Item: "Chubby" Gamwell wills his tobacco pouch to Carlton Lind hoping it will make him as proficient in Math. as he.

Item: Ann Burwell leaves her well-known adroitness to Frank Gamwell.

Item: "Herb" Wollison leaves his "wows" and "Ch-h-h-h yes-es" to some other aspirant of favorite expressions.

Item: Eleanor Gannon bequeaths her proficient knowledge of Math. to any person who can prove himself worthy of attaining such ability as she. Also, she asks, who wants her gaudy ribbon bands?

Item: Gladys Briggs leaves her vanity case (Three Flowers Powder) to Mr. Goodwin to replace the empty compact on his desk.

Item: Betty Yeadon wills her nineteen inch waist line to any girl who wishes to wear her crinoline style evening dress to the next "hop".

Item: Louise Wolven leaves her good-natured disposition to be divided among the teachers.

Item: Thelma Nelson, our worthy editor-in-chief, wills the continuation of the success of the "Pen" to the new holder of her office, Mildred McLaughlin.

Item: Bernice Jordan bequeaths her knowledge of the terpsichorean art to Isabel Patnode.

Item: Sophie Cohen leaves her post as class giggler to Marguerite Melin.

Item: "Janitor" Kelley leaves his Paderewski hair to Carlton Lind (plus the grease).

Item: Bill Skinner wills his title of heavyweight to Jim Maloy.

Item: "Eddie" Hebert, "Dan" Coffee, "Win" Gregory, "Mike" Flynn, "Dave" Dannybuski, "Tommy" Doyle, and "Ray" Nelligan donate their athletic abilities to future candidates for P. H. S. teams.

The remaining members of the class and those already mentioned join to bid the undergraduates, faculty, and principal adieu, and to give them three cheers for dear old P. H. S.

Per Charles J. Baker

Witnessed the 23rd day of June, 1924.

Pete Sheridan,

Helen Gridley,

Stillman Fielden.

Class History**PREFACE**

THIS era, from September 7, 1920 to June 23, 1924, is the greatest that Pittsfield High School has ever known. The history of this wonderful era and of the class that made it so is worthy of the genius of immortal Fiske himself. It should be written in letters of gold but as our printers use only ink it will have to be in letters of ink. In spite of these difficulties, however, we hope that you will be inspired by this history to imitate some of the deeds of this class and to avoid others, as only our genius could perform them and live.

A Narrative and Critical History of the Class of June '24**I. First Period—Sept. 7, 1920 and June 24, 1921**

The weather, jealous for the sun's reputation for brightness, covered him with protective clouds on our first day in Pittsfield High. As the rain trickled down the dear old yellow brick walls of this ancient place, a long, thin line of freshmen trickled in through its dear heavy old doors. These freshmen looked at the bulletin, impressed the number on their brain, and then started seriously to look for 17, 19, or 20. Some people showed a lack of manners to the little searchers which our class has never shown but we went on our serious way to our rooms. No plaster was knocked down by our class. Coming up the stairs we had taken a grave look at the banisters. We would make use of them later. It is rumored that Lisle Studley arrived two minutes ahead of time. This is a rumor, not a statement.

We were not timid freshmen but one man we feared mightily. This man was Mr. Goodwin. Each freshman who was tardy had an interview with him. One day three of us were late. Two had waited for the third. Young and innocent, knowing nothing of deceit, they walked in together. They will never forget the lecture which he administered. Every time the dear man beamed over his glasses they thought he was gloating over their misery. That trio did not take any chances of getting another such interview. Those of us in Miss Waite's English classes also feared him. In room 15 we obtained the full volume of his big voice roaring in anger or emphatic explanation. We did not hear it very often but it put the fear of Mr. Goodwin into our hearts.

When we were freshmen, about six months old, we had our third principal, Mr. Hulsman and Mr. Goodwin being the other two. We liked this new man, Mr. Strout, even in the beginning. You may see that we had good taste. The more we have known of him, the better we have liked him.

During our first year our school spirit was infinitesimal, as Mr. Lucey would say. If a freshman did go to a game he found very few people there. Cheering was almost impossible for seven or eight Pittsfield rooters scattered over the common. Interest in athletics raised its poor head at the announcement of an inter-class track meet. The freshmen also raised their heads. Helene Lummus was head of our girls and "Oby" O'Brien of our boys. Our running and jumping left the sophomores and even the juniors far behind. The numerals '24 began to mean something. In the final score they stood next to '20.

The career of our class, like many other great careers, began very humbly. We were freshmen like every other class. We did not remain so. Whether by patient effort, or bluffing, or eloquence in appealing to the emotions of our teachers, most of us contrived to get our thirty-eight points.

II. Second Period—Sept. 5, 1921 to June 30, 1922

As sophomores we profited by the example of the class of sophomores before us. We were very quiet and polite. A dramatic club was formed. It consisted mostly of sophomores. Possibly those who had discovered their powers of stirring emotions wished to develop this useful gift.

In this year Edward Roscoe died. He was a promising member and we all liked him. All of us were very sorry to lose him as a friend and as a classmate.

Those of us who studied in Mr. Lucey's room fourth period and ducked erasers when Mr. Lucey left the room unprotected will never forget those periods. Such old timers as "Tom" Killian and "Pat" Leahy furnished such entertainment as only the fourth period Review Math. class of '24 could equal.

After bearing patiently all the erasers and rubbers of these boisterous lords of creation we were grown up enough to rule the destinies of our class and on the side, to pay class tax.

III. Third Period—Sept. 5, 1922 to June 30, 1923

Even before we organized many of us made a very important discovery. Mr. Goodwin was a human being and a very nice human being. We have seen that he uses his roars only for good cause and that he is all the sweeter after the storm.

In the presidential election of 1922, "Jack" Gamwell was the possessor of the largest number of votes. As has been said before, a large number of them were of the fair sex. Mr. Gamwell is famed for his mathematical brain and the golden locks which cover it. He is the envy of all those who sleep all night on curlers or burn themselves to a crisp only to see their waves vanish about noon when Jack's curls are just beginning to become unruly. "Bob" Howard was made vice-president. Mabel Knight was handed a figurative pen and told to keep track of the doings of the class. "Bernie" Jordan was given the hardest job of all. She was condemned to the task of getting a quarter, dead or alive, every month from every member of the class of '24. The class had only love for Bernie in giving her this job and she seems to thrive on it. Our treasury was not very huge but it was certainly not "Bernie's" fault. Quarters should have enjoyed coming to her and if they seemed a little bashful she gave them enough hints and invitations. Mr. Moon was elected to advise us. Our ship of state, or of class, now had officers as well as a working crew. All this may not seem to show that our class is the most wonderful of all the classes of Pittsfield High but it does. Such orderly meetings as ours have never been seen or never will be seen.

As juniors, rooms 9, 11, and 12 were ours. In 11 and 12, juniors caused a little impatience in the hearts of Mrs. Elliott and Miss Pfeiffer who never could see the reason for some of the things we did. Of course, there was a good reason for all of them. In room 9, however, Mrs. Bennett had some really exciting

adventures. One recess the renowned Reilly chorus was standing in the hall singing some of their spirited songs when they decided that they must enter the room. The door was locked. The beat of the music naturally suggested that they beat the door. A state of siege followed, Mrs. Bennett was inside with a very few staunch followers. At every stroke on the door she felt that it would fall. Tuned to the highest pitch she telephoned to the office for reinforcements. The boys were breaking down her door. Reinforcements arrived, conquered the besiegers, and kept them in odious captivity for several afternoons. In Mrs. Bennett's room juniors also contributed a penny which they had kept from the eye of "Bernie" Jordan to a fund for repairing the pencil sharpener. As seniors we found it very useful.

The thing that makes or breaks a Junior class is its "Prom". Our "Prom" made our fame but it did not come far short of breaking our treasury. We cleared \$1.75 on it. Money is the root of all evil anyway. Possibly the lack of roots has prevented the growth of evil in our class. Socially it was a marvelous success. It was the second dance under the invitation scheme. This kept out undesirables. Beautiful decorations, brave men, lovely women, all the things necessary to a good dance were there. This was one of the events of the Wollison administration for "Herb" of the eternal, loud-voiced cold was our president, Ruth Gordon our vice-president, Mr. Lucey our class adviser and our other officers the same.

IV. Fourth Period—Sept. 4, 1923 to June 23, 1924

On that September morning when we crawled painfully to school under a crushing burden of senior responsibilities we determined that we this year should be finer than the three before it.

This was shown by the increased liveliness of our class meetings. Music dealing with various methods of transportation, the horse, the automobile, and the train and feet was sung. "Don" Steinway who has a marvelous drawl and no mean head of hair was given the task of making his presidential voice heard in our town meetings. "Ev" White was his vice-president. The first secretary still possessed her pen and the first treasurer still repeated the old question "Got your class tax?" The War of the Rings occurred during the Steinway administration. Mr. Maloney and Mr. Bridges became overheated and exploded. Timid souls wished fervently for a brawny sergeant-at-arms. After two elections and two of the wildest meetings in history our present ring seemed to receive the largest number of votes. The rings arrived. Many people raved about them. Everybody liked them but everybody did not get one, though they were ordered. But not even our class can have more than its share of good luck.

After February "Tom" Reilly's voice was no longer heard in the famous Reilly chorus. But be calm. We merely made him president. Of course, "Ed" became vice-president. He would be the best substitute for his brother.

To get away from politics a minute let us tell of our Christmas party. We presented each other with many valuable and useful things. Helen Gridley received a dime mirror to which the credit is due for much of the beauty of our class. Others received horns which made beautiful music or horrible noise, tool sets which may have been a hint, hair rolls, and other such useful things.

Each of us had a lollipop. We met people who we never knew were in the school. We were all as happy as the clam in the saying. Our last Christmas in P. H. S. was certainly the best.

Now this history tells of a dark secret. For many a day, trusting people had been telling "Tom" from "Ed" Reilly by the fact that "Tom" wore a brown suit and "Ed" wore a dark green one. On a certain fateful day "Ed" got a brown suit. The two thought that they would like to see how each other's classes worked. So they changed places in four periods. "Tom" had taken two years of Greek so he could take "Ed's" place but "Ed" could not take "Tom's". As they were in the same review math class they did not bother to change seats. They tried that another day. Not a shred of suspicion was shown by the teachers. Even their own classmates were in doubt. Many of us, who had just begun to be able to tell them apart, floundered again in the bog of doubt. Twins who look so much alike can certainly cause complications.

During our four years in Pittsfield High the spirit has grown by leaps and bounds. It reached its highest point in the drive to send the team to Chicago to give Pittsfield a chance at the national championship in basketball. That assembly at which we had oceans of cold water thrown on our enthusiasm only to give it new life will never be forgotten in Pittsfield. Other teams failed us. Other organizations failed us. They said we could not raise a thousand but we raised over two. Our treasury gave \$25 out of a scanty supply. The girls had a cake sale and cleared \$20 more. Our team made a fine showing. No wonder! Six of them were in our class.

Our recitations also showed us to be a class of distinction. When we, as sophomores, watched the seniors in Mr. Lucey's fourth period class we did not think that their good times would seem like misery compared to ours. Who will ever forget Dwight Jones' talk on his work in the General Electric and the cross-examination through which he had to go afterward? Then another day Mr. Lucey was telling us of the debates old mathematicians used to have on the number of angels who could sit on a pin. "Tom" Reilly, searching for information as our class always is doing, asked if it had ever been decided how long an angel could sit on the point of a pin. And could we ever forget "Cy" Mensky's drawl as he told us of the swift man in the water and of his many adventures, both funny and very serious?

Graduation was fast approaching. The class' mail made the class feel very important and made the mailman think of a raise. We were wanted at business colleges and all sorts of colleges. If we would buy our graduation togs at a certain place we could have a discount of one half of one per cent. A middy firm told us of the beauties of a graduation in middies. Sample invitations and announcements arrived by the sack.

During all this business another war loomed on our horizon in the form of the question of a play or a dance. Hamlet to the contrary, the play was not the thing. After a wild meeting of our class we had decided on the play but in combination with Commercial the vote went to the dance. A dance it was and a dance we had. Money came in to us like rural folk to a circus. Half a hundred dollars went into our treasury. The crowd was just enough for the floor. The

class was there almost 100% strong. Cooperation such as this was what made the class of '24 distinctly different. Rumors went around and were magnified as rumors have a way of doing but we tried very hard to make our dance one of the best "Hops" ever and we have very, very little to be ashamed of in it. It would be of much more value to give us a school hall than to criticize our efforts to have a good time without one.

Our history ends here. We could tell something about our graduation and our banquet but you might not believe so many wonders of one class. We have spent our four years in this same building and we have treated it gently. We did not write our names in public places of the school. Our names go down only in the history of P. H. S. The Student's Pen, athletic activities, and the standing in scholarship have steadily increased. Study this history as if Mrs. Bennett herself were going to ask for a recitation. Try to imitate as much of it as you can but be very, very careful or instead of having a career like ours you will go down in history as one of the worst classes instead of the best.

Mabel Knight

*with the help of Helene Lummus,
Ruth Gordon, Edward Reilly.*

Class Song

Classmates, when the autumn breeze
First was sighing 'mong the trees
We, a band were gathered here,
Full of pride and fear.
Here four happy years have passed
But these bright hours cannot last
We must leave these scenes of joy
So dear to girl and boy.

Chorus

Pittsfield High School, fare thee well
Dearest memories 'round thee dwell
Teachers let the glistening eye,
Speak for us the word good-bye.

As we gather here tonight,
We face a future, hope makes bright
Humble voyagers are we
On life's unchartered sea.
Our teachers did not serve for naught
To teach what ancient sages sought
And as grass that's newly sprung
Our life's work's begun.

Who's Who in the Class of '24

GEORGE ANDERSON—"Andie"
Quietest Boy

Etiquette Club; Banquet Committee.
Ambition: To invent a device to keep flies
off bald heads.

"Men of few words are the best men."

CHARLES BAKER—"Gump"
Pro Merito

Dramatic Club, Debating Club, Public
Speaking Club, Picture Committee, Class
Will and Testament.

Ambition: To be a tramp.
"No man is shallow who thinketh deep."

NELSON BAKER—"Bakie"
Dramatic Club, Public Speaking Club.
Ambition: To find a way to take the sting
out of mosquitoes.

"Speak the speech, I pray you."

ALBERT AVNET—"Avey"
Radio Club, Camera Club.

Ambition: To learn how to boil water
without burning it.
"None but yourself can be your parallel."

ELIZABETH BEHAN—"Bee"
Originator of the shingle bob.
Ambition: To marry an aged millionaire
and tickle him to death, with a feather.
"Saucy, natty and neat."

BERNARD BOUTWELL—"B. V. D."
Model Boy Student
Pro Merito, Glee Club, Debating Club,
Dramatic Club.

Ambition: To be or not to be—a dancer.
"My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much, must talk in vain."

NEILL BRIDGES—"Bridget"
Class Sheik

President of Class of Feb. '24, Ring Com-
mittee '23-'24, Student's Pen Club, Manager
of Basketball '24, Cheer Leader '23-'24,
National Tournament, Glee Club.

Ambition: To straighten Circular Avenue.
"Always going to do what he wants to do,
and will do what he doesn't want to, if he wants
to."

GLADYS BRIGGS—"Briggsey"
Class Sunbeam

Glee Club, Dramatic Club, Pro Merito,
Student's Pen Club, Girls' League, Sandwich
Club.

Ambition: To invent silk hosiery that will
not run.

"As love can calm the wildest fear,
So smiles can drive away the tears."

ANNA BURWELL—"Ann"

Cutest Girl, Class Poet, Wittiest Girl
Student's Pen Club, Class Song, Senior
Dance Committee. Sandwich Club.

Ambition: To lose her 'Southern' accent.

"Don't worry about the future, the present
is all thou hast; the future will soon be present,
and the present will soon be past."

CAROLINE CIABURRI—"Carrie"

Glee Club, Pro Merito, Camera Club, How
to Study Club.

Ambition: To ride over the Alps with
Napoleon.

"Graceful, useful in all she does."

VERNON CHAFFIE—"Vern"

Radio Club, Debating Club.
Ambition: To be a Spark Plug Salesman
for Barney Google.

"Silence does not always mean wisdom."

DANIEL COFFEY—"Bone Crusher"

Best NATURED Boy
Football '23, Basketball '24, Debating
Club, Who's Who Committee, Orchestra,
National Tournament.

Ambition: To throw the 'bull' from the
Chicago Stockyard.

"Man was made to mourn—but not this one."

THOMAS CONRY—"Tom"

Baseball '24, Basketball '24, Debating
Club.

Ambition: To rise in life—to run an
elevator.

"Take the air—Melancholy"—from Milton.

SOPHIE COHEN—"Soph"

Class Giggler, Prettiest Hair.
Ambition: To keep her golden locks
when others "bob."

"I'm not bad tempered, sad, nor sour."

GERALD CLAFFIE—"Jerry"
Best Boy Dancer
Etiquette Club, "the dancing fool".
Ambition: To be a blacksmith in a garage.
*"A twinkle in his eyes, a twinkle in his feet,
A jolly little soul, as you could chance to meet."*

DAVID DANNYBUSKI—"Davie"
Class Athlete
Basketball '20-'21, Capt. '22, '23, Football '23, Baseball '22, '23, National Tournament, Radio Club, Debating Club.
Ambition: To become head of Armour's Packing Co.
"The man worth while, is the man who can smile, when everything goes dead wrong."

EMIL DENOYERS
Handsomest Boy, Best Boy Complexion
Manager of baseball '24, Invitation Committee.
Ambition: To be a woman hater.
"The man that blushes is not quite a brute."

GEORGE DONALD—"Don"
Class Taxidriver
Radio Club, Debating Club.
Ambition: To travel around the earth in a "Star".
"Faint heart never won fair lady."

THOMAS DOYLE—"Tommie"
Basketball '23-'24, National Tournament, Baseball '23, '24, Football '22, '23.
Ambition: To learn how to keep from working.
"Joy is never absent from his face."

ROMA DUKER—"Ruthie"
Class Statistics, Pro Merito.
Ambition: To give a jazz concert before the King of England.
*"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good."*

ALICE FERRY—"Allie"
Class Nurse
Glee Club, How to Study Club.
Ambition: To be a trapeze performer in a circus.
"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

STILLMAN FIELDEN—"Still"
Best Dressed Boy
Ambition: To be an admiral in the Swiss Navy.
"As for me, I adore—some twenty or more."

MICHAEL FLYNN—"Mike"
Class Grinner
Radio Club, Football '22, '23, Debating Club, Etiquette Club, Glee Club.
Ambition: To become a human fly, and to scale the Woolworth building.
"There's a deal of deviltry beneath this mild exterior."

JOHN GAMWELL—"Chubby"
Most Business-like Boy
Toast to the girls, President Class of '22, Hi-Y, President of Radio Club, Prom and Hop Committee.
Ambition: To invent a brake for my car so that I can stop on a dime and slide nine pennies out from underneath.
"There are three things that I love, but never understood—painting, music and woman."

ELEANOR GANNON—"Ginnon"
Prom and Hop Committee, Public Speaking Club, Glee Club, Dramatic Club, Girls' League.
Ambition: To sell peanuts at a side show.
*"For she is wise, if I can judge her,
And fair she is, if mine eyes be true."*

GLADYS GIBBS—"Red"
Lightest Girl
Glee Club, Public Speaking Club.
Ambition: I have three ambitions, the first is to grow, the second is to grow and the third is to grow some more.
*"But why should I for others groan
When none will sigh for me?"*

RUTH GORDON—"Ruthie"
Glee Club, Handwork Club, How to Study Club, Vice-President Class of '22, Girls' League, Picture Committee, Class Constitution.
Ambition: To be a Marathon dancer.
*"Fair, too, she was, and kind
Has been as she was fair."*

ISADORE GREEN—"Izzy"
Lightest Boy
Student's Council.
Ambition: To be a piano mover.
"Success to every honest lad."

WINTHROP GREGORY—"Greg"
Football '20, '21, Capt. '22, '23, Senior Hop Committee, Toast to Boy Athletes, Radio Club.

Ambition: To be an All-American tackle.
"Good-tempered, kind and free."

HELEN GRIDLEY—"Grid"
Glee Club, Dramatic Club, Public Speaking Club.

Ambition: To establish a home for the friendless—cats and dogs included.
"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."

ETHEL HACKEBEIL—"Hackey"
Glee Club, Camera Club.
Ambition: To establish the first Hot Dog Shop in Mars.

*"Come when you are looked for
Or come without warning."*

EDWIN HEBERT—"Eddie"
Brightest Boy, Class Musician
Football '23, Orchestra, Baseball '23, '24, Pro Merito, Class Prophecy.

Ambition: To raise bugs with pink and green speckled eyes.
"Methinks I see force and wisdom back of thy reserve and stillness."

OLGA HILDEBRANT—"Hilda"
Pro Merito, Student's Pen Club '23, How to Study Club.

Ambition: To be a globe trotter.
"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

ALTON HUTCHINSON—"Hutch"
Etiquette Club, Debating Club.
Ambition: To be a street cleaner.
"Good-tempered, kind and free."

LEO JOHNSON—"Pickle"
Radio Club, Etiquette Club.
Ambition: To have an elevated position—hence a lookout on a mountain.
"Give me a place to stand, and I will move the world."

BERNICE JORDAN—"Bernie"
Prettiest Girl, Most Popular Girl, Most Businesslike Girl, Class Vamp
Business Manager of Student's Pen, Class Treasurer '23, '24, Class Prophecy, Sandwich Club, Pro Merito.
Ambition: To be a toe-dancer.
"Wit and grace, and love and beauty, in one constellation shine."

CONSTANCE KEEGAN—"Connie"
Salutatorian
Student's Pen Club, Pro Merito, How to Study Club.
Ambition: To own and ride Spark Plug.
"Quiet and dignified, a lover of books and fun."

GEORGE KELLEY—"Kel"
Class Musician
Orchestra, Track '23, '24, Public Speaking Club, Electrical Club, Pro Merito.
Ambition: To be a Rudolph Valentino.
"A man with music in his soul, and who is moved with the concord of sweet sounds."

DORIS KIRBY—"Dot"
Quietest Girl
Pro Merito, How to Study Club.
Ambition: To be a boxer.
"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

MABEL KNIGHT—"Knightie"
Pro Merito, Class Secretary '23, '24.
Ambition: To sell tickets at the "Thrill".
"A woman fair and stately."

MORRIS LEVINE—"Max"
Pro Merito, Debating Club.
Ambition: To be an inventor and take the waves out of the ocean.
"Then, sir, your hand—my friend and brother."

ELIZABETH LIFVERGRENF—"Sigey"
Public Speaking Club, Glee Club.
Ambition: To be a manicurist on a ranch.
"This is a girl worth rubies and pearls."

NELLIE LOVEJOY—"Nel"
Glee Club, Etiquette Club, Pro Merito, Girls' League.
Ambition: To own an orphanage on the Sahara Desert.
"It is in vain that I should coldly gaze into a mirror."

CECIL LOVEJOY—“Cec”
Hi-Y, Class Physical Instructor.
Ambition: To be one of those ambitious things.
*“In the spring a young man’s fancy,
Lightly turns to thoughts of love.”*

HELENE LUMMUS—“Lene”
Class Girl Athlete
Girls’ League, Inter-class track Meet, Glee Club, Public Speaking Club, Senior Hop Committee, Class History.
Ambition: To make the All-American Football Team.
“Oh! blessed with a temper whose unclouded rays can make tomorrow cheerful as today.”

ALICE McDOWELL—“Mickey”
Brightest Girl, Valedictorian
Glee Club, Hop and Prom Committee, Pro Merito, Assistant Class Treasurer '24, Student's Pen Club, Sandwich Club.
Ambition: To become matron of an orphanage at North Pole.
“The talent of success is nothing more than doing well whatever you do.”

EDWARD McGEE—“Eddie”
Cutest Boy, Distributor of 4th Period “Eagle”
Ambition: To be official train wrecker for the I. W. W.
“Jolly because he sees the funny side of life.”

WILLARD MALONEY—“Mul”
Toast to our New School, Class Swimmer, Student's Council, Class Politician.
Ambition: To out-talk everyone.
“Gag him, that we may have his silence.”

JOHN MANDELL—“Johnny”
Senior Hop Committee, Rosenthal's checker rival.
Ambition: To have a Ford agency in Jerusalem.
“He thinks too much, such men are dangerous.”

MINNIE MERRIMAN—“Oh Min”
“Yes George”. Best Girl Complexion, Public Speaking Club, Announcement Committee, Girls' League.
Ambition: To play jazz for an aviator while he is performing.
*“Her blush is like the morning
But it lasts all day.”*

THELMA NELSON—“Tenny”
Cleverest Girl
Glee Club, Public Speaking Club, Inter-Class Track Meet '21, Student's Pen Editor-in-Chief, Hop and Prom Committee, Girls' League, Pro Merito, Statistics, Speaker at Graduation, Sandwich Club, Handwork Club.
Ambition: To hang red lanterns on telephone poles.

*“She is pretty to walk with
She is pretty to talk with
And pleasant, too, to think on.”*

EDWARD REILLY—“Ed”
Class Wit
Vice-President of the Class of '24, Home Room Treasurer, Electrical Club.

Ambition: To find out why the Sphinx is always smiling.
“A smile and a glad hand for everyone.”

THOMAS REILLY—“Tom”
Class Wit
President of the Class of '24, Public Speaking Club, Pro Merito, Electrical Club.

Ambition: To learn the millionaire's trade.
“Always standing for the right.”

DOROTHY MORAN—“Dot”
Vice-President '23, Secretary of Student's Council, Student's Pen Club, Hop and Prom Committee, Pro Merito, Sandwich Club.

Ambition: To paint hair on bald heads.
“I do not set my heart at a pin's fee.”

RAYMOND NELLIGAN—“Ray”
Basketball '23, '24, Baseball '24, Banquet Committee, Debating Club, National Tournament, Who's Who Committee.

Ambition: To be everywhere at once, and have a good time—all for nothing.
“With every grain of wit, there is a grain of folly.”

ROBERT NELSON—“Bob”
Radio Club, Electrical Club, Camera Club.
Ambition: To be a steeple-jack.
“Quiet talk, he liked the best.”

CATHERINE REINHARDT—“Cath”
Color Committee, Glee Club.
Ambition: To be head of a matrimonial agency.
“To be seen and not heard.”

DOROTHY RHOADES—“Dotty”
Announcement Committee, Glee Club, Pro Merito, Speaker at Graduation.
Ambition: To find a second King “Tut”.
“Measures, not men, have always been my mark.”

RUTH RICHMOND—“Richie”
Student's Pen Club, Girls' League, Pro Merito.
Ambition: To eat, drink and be married.
*“She is neat, she is sweet
From her bonnet to her feet.”*

LEO RODGERS—“Bus”
Math Shark, Electrical Club.
Ambition: To take the sands out of the desert.
“Much can be made of a man if he can be caught young.”

JOHN RUBERTO—“Johnny”
Camera Club, Radio Club.
Ambition: To earn a lot of money without working for it.
“He was a scholar and a ripe good one.”

EVA ROSENBAUM—“Eve”
Glee Club, Electrical Club, Debating Club, Student's Pen Club, Class Artist.
Ambition: To perform conscientiously the tasks appointed to me.
“The force of her own merit makes her way.”

JOSEPH RUSSO—“Joe”
Public Speaking Club, Class Pool Shark.
Ambition: To shinny up the North Pole.
“Who dares to ruffle my hair, ruffles my temper.”

CLIFFORD RICE—“Cliff”
Radio Club, Electrical Club.
Ambition: To raise Mars on 5 watts—also to raise a mustache.
“Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun.”

WARREN SHAW—“Huek”
Hi-Y, Football '23.
Ambition: To be a grand opera singer.
“Work is my recreation.”

FRANCIS SHERIDAN—“Pete”
Radio Club, Electrical Club, Toast to the Faculty.
Ambition: To be General Pershing's successor.
“Slow and steady wins the race.”

WILLIAM SKINNER—“Bill”
Class Heavyweight
Prom and Hop Committee, Camera Club, Track '23, '24, Football '22, '23.
Ambition: To demonstrate lollipops so he can have a chance to be stuck up.
“Not fat, just pleasingly plump.”

DONALD STEINWAY—“Don”
President Class of '23, Radio Club, Class Radio Fan.
Ambition: To invent a process for killing Radio bugs.
“Worth, courage, honor, these indeed, your sustenance and birthright are.”

LISLE STUDLEY—“Stud”
Electrical Club.
Ambition: To play a pipe organ.
“Better late than never.”

KATHERINE SULLIVAN—“Kathy”
Handwork Club, Glee Club.
Ambition: To be a globe trotter.
“Merry and blithe was she.”

LAURA VAN BEN SCHOTEN—“Little Willie”
Class Baby
Dramatic Club, Glee Club, Girls' League, Public Speaking Club, Student's Pen Club, Who's Who, Sandwich Club.
Ambition: To own a ranch out West with a lot of “sheikie” cowboys.

“All I require of myself is not to be equal to the best, but only better than the bad.”

NORMA VOLIN—“Norm”
Etiquette Club, Glee Club, Public Speaking Club, Debating Club, Hop and Prom Committee.
Ambition: To be a jockey-ess?
“Oh that I might make the world better because of my existence therein.”

VIRGINIA WAUGH—"Ginny"

Prettiest Bob

Student's Pen Club, Handwork Club, Dramatic Club, Glee Club, Girls' League.
Ambition: To be a policeman.

*"Her reputation is complete,
And fair without a flaw."*

EVELYN WHITE—"Ev"

Class Fashion Plate

Toast to the boys, Best Girl Dancer, Pro Merito, Student's Pen Club, Vice-President Sandwich Club.

Ambition: To run a lunch cart.

"Divinely tall and most divinely fair."

LLOYD WILLIAMS—"Willie"

Glee Club, Radio Club, Etiquette Club, Public Speaking Club.

Ambition: To be a detective under the name of Sherlock Holmes.

"The kindest man, the best conditioned unwarred spirit in doing courtesies."

EVELYN WATSON—"Ev"

Public Speaking Club, Glee Club, Dramatic Club.

Ambition: To be a taxi driver in some boys' college town.

"Women are coquettes by profession."

LESLIE LOVERIDGE—"Les"

Orchestra '21, '22, '23, '24, Track '23, Glee Club, Radio Club.

Ambition: To throw an egg in an electric fan.

*"When a lady's in the case,
All other things give place."*

JACOB SAMUEL—"Jakie"

Class Picture Committee, Electrical Club.
Ambition: To have a hair raising experience.

"A lot of splendid virtues in one man."

ELIZABETH YEADON—"Betty"

Class Butterfly

Dramatic Club, Jokes Student's Pen, Prom and Hop Com., Girls' League, Sandwich Club, Assistant Treasurer '23.

Ambition: To be a spinster all my life.

"After man came woman and she's been after him ever since."

LOUISE WOLVEN—"Lou"

Best Natured Girl

Glee Club '23, '24, Student's Pen Club, Senior Hop Committee, Prom Decoration Committee, Who's Who, Sandwich Club.

Ambition: To make all men love me as I love them.

*"She doeth the little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or even despise."*

HERBERT WOLLISON—"Herb"

Wittiest Boy, Cleverest Boy, Most Popular, Manager of Football '23, President Class of '22, Student's Pen Club, Student's Council, Toastmaster at Banquet.

Ambition: To design more attractive homes for day sleeping, night singing cats who have no friends.

*"Sometimes on his tasks intent
But more on furtive mischief bent."*

GERALD WALCOTT—"Lightning"

Latin and Radio Club.

Ambition: To be able to sleep all the time.

"If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep."

Laura Van Benschoten,
Louise Wolven,
Daniel Coffey,
Raymond Nelligan.

Class Prophecy to the Girls

JN June 1944 I was passing by the antique building, situated at the edge of the broad athletic field. This venerable institution, formerly known as the Pittsfield High School, now bore the name, "Pittsfield's Home for the Aged". The old, trembling edifice with its wonderful inspiration, (I remember how it inspired me) had been chosen by a committee as the best building of its kind to house old people. You see it would be so homelike. Well, as I was passing by this building an idea struck me. It was twenty years since I had left the institution and the idea came to me that it would be nice if I could find out what my former classmates were doing. The only way I knew of gathering such information was in research or by means of a fortune-teller. Not being a wonderful researcher, I chose the latter method.

I hastened towards the fortune-teller who conducted her business in a large building. Over the doorway hung the sign

Madame Mysterioso

Tells

Past, Present, Future

Admission \$1.00

Misty Knows All

Entering the building I rang the bell of her sanctum. A turbanned servant, whose face looked familiar to me, bade me enter. I entered the sanctum and glanced around. On the walls were various signs, some of these reading "Pay before you enter", "No credit given", "In God we trust, all others cash".

In the center of the room, sitting on some pillows sat Misty, tinkering with a white globe. Although I had heard that she spoke only Polish, French and Ieo, I distinctly heard her mutter "Hang dis light". However, perceiving me, she stopped and demanded what information I would like. I told her, and she started a little, but said, "Very well. I will bring you where they all are. Look at this globe and concentrate." I cannot recall who used to say that. I felt a funny sensation, like flying and soon a large city appeared. I seemed to be walking in the streets.

I could hear a yelling and such shouts as "Bravo" and "Down with them". Getting curious, I turned the corner and saw a vast crowd. Elbowing my way through, I approached the object of their attention. Lo! and behold, I saw standing on a platform or a soapbox, Alice McDowell. From what I could make out she was running for city-manager on the prohibition ticket. She was saying, "Why allow crooks to run your government and steal your money. Elect me and let me do it." The funny part of it was that she was standing on a box on which were printed the words

Wolven's Toilet Soap

Leads the World

10c a Bar

Wash With Wolven's

That brought back to me the recollection of how Louise loved cleanliness and how

she used to stay home so much. Hence, she had invented a toilet soap. However, I couldn't listen to the soap box orator all day so I started off.

Crossing a street, I was almost run down by an automobile in which were Helen Gridley, Gladys Gibbs, and Evelyn Bird. I afterwards learned that it was the famous group of impresarios who were now playing at Behan's Burlesque Theater in "The Girl From Hancock" written by the famous playwright, Nellie Lovejoy.

Walking a little further down the crowded streets, I saw a movie billboard. You can imagine my surprise on seeing in large letters on the billboard:

Great Egyptian Serial
Minnie Merriman
in
Salome's Salaam
5th Episode

That was a surprise, but I little guessed what Fate had in store for me. Passing a newsstand, I stopped and bought an evening paper. Scanning the first page, I saw with amazement

The Early Bird Newspaper
Editors

Thelma Nelson and Mabel Knight

I then turned to the sporting page to see how Pittsfield came out when I saw under basketball notes, the announcement

Briggs' Basketball Team
Wins Again

So Gladys Briggs had turned professional basketball player. Well, queer things do happen. I again turned over a page and spied in the corner, the news

Famous Poet Wins Pulitzer Prize
Anne Burwell Triumphs

by writing "Ode to a Southern Moon"

On looking further down, I saw a paragraph telling of the appointment to professorships of Constance Keegan and Olga Hildebrandt in Ruth Richmond's stylish college.

While I was reading the paper I was standing still. Just then someone tapped me on the shoulder "You'll have to keep moving", and turning I saw a woman cop. You can imagine my surprise when I recognized Laura Van Benschoten. "Well, well," I said, "is this what you're doing for a living".

"Yes," she replied. "Bill makes me work. Move on, you're blocking traffic."

I walked away until out of her sight and stopped to read some more. Being out of work, I turned to the advertisements. One ad caught my eye. It was

Join Lummus' Gymnasium
and reduce

Further down was another

Dancing Lessons
by
Evelyn White and Eliz. Yeadon
Ex-ballet dancers

Turning to the last page I saw a cartoon, entitled
"Doings of the Bluffs"
by Eva Rosenbaum

By this time I felt kind of hungry, so I entered a nearby restaurant. This restaurant, I learned was run by Ruth Gordon, a great authority on the culinary art. I failed to see it. I sat down at the nearest table. Soon, two waitresses approached,—one took your money, the other your order. Try and get either. I recognized the two as Catherine Rhinehart and Katharine Sullivan. Just then, an orchestra composed of Virginia Waugh, organ, Norma Volin, ukulele, Evelyn Watson, and Doris Kirby, saxophone, started playing the latest hit, which was "How Come" written by Caroline Ciaburri. Failing to get my order, I went out as Dorothy Moran the owner of the establishment entered to collect the rent.

I passed a millinery shop with Dorothy Rhoades' name on the window. Suddenly, a great commotion arose ahead of me. Hurrying forward, I found that the opera stars, Bernice Jordan and Eleanor Gannon were returning from playing in the great opera "William Tell". Bernice played William, and Eleanor, William's son. Bernice had missed Eleanor only once during the season.

Just then, however, my mind tired by the intensive concentration, gave out and I awoke from my trance with a start. I arose and left, but before I went I succeeded in recognizing the fortune-teller as Roma Duker and the servant as Sophie Cohen. They had only removed from my pockets a quarter while I was in the trance. You see, I only had a quarter.

A breath of the cool Pittsfield air revived my spirit. I resolved to henceforth do better and become a success in this world, having seen how my comrades had fared. But how can one do better when he is tied down with a wife, a mother-in-law, and three children?

Edwin Hebert



Class Prophecy to the Boys

HOT so very long ago, classmates, a very strange adventure happened to me. I did not mention it until now because I feared that if it became known I would have to answer many questions from curious classmates. I'll tell you about it now providing that you ask me no questions afterwards.

I happened to be in Albany, where I was shopping with some friends. I finished my shopping before they did, so I walked the streets idly looking into the windows of the stores. While walking in this mood I felt a jolt—I looked up and there stood "Eddie" Hebert with his arms full of bundles. He looked more like a hen-pecked husband than he did a Senior A in P. H. S. "Why Eddie" I exclaimed, "what are you doing here?"

"What does it look as tho' I was doing? Playing tennis or something?" he replied. "But what are you doing?"

"Me?" I said, rather taken back by his sarcasm, "oh, I'm just passing away time until my friends finish shopping. It looks as tho' you've been shopping too."

"Yes," he replied wearily, "but I'm thru' now. I'm on my way to Schenectady broadcasting station where my cousin is manager. He told me that they have a new invention over there and he's invited me to see it."

"What's the radio like?" I asked.

"Well it's a radio which enables you not only to hear about people but also to see them. Want to come over?"

"Sure," I replied—"Only wait until I tell my friends."

Soon we were in Eddie's Stutz racer on our way.

Eddie introduced me to his cousin and then we went to see the radio. It certainly was queer. It had a great many wires and besides the usual machinery on the front of it it had on either side a long column of names—one column of women and one of men, who were well known in the world. Beside the names were little pointers and then, in the center, was a rather large lever, which regulated the distance. For instance if the person you wished to see was in Springfield you would push the lever slightly but if he were in Cuba you would push it much further. Then, under the lever was a long rectangular glass where the pictures were shown. This was all queer to me so I asked if I might try it once. Just then the manager was called to the office of the station, so quickly explaining how to work it he left Eddie and me alone.

Naturally, it was a man that I desired to see so I pushed the pointer to one of the names and pushed the lever slightly—just then Eddie gave my arm a terrible shove and I pushed the lever the whole length and it went inside of the apparatus. Eddie rushed for his cousin and I felt very, very faint. But then I saw a picture of two men who looked exactly alike. I was told that these two men had discovered a method of getting rich quick. They were known as the Reilly Brothers and looked as Tom and Ed probably will look in 1940. The men declared that their method was very safe—not at all like the usual get-rich-quick methods. Tom and Ed, in 1940, are still on their campaign for money and I remember how they used to get after us when we needed money for this banquet.

Then I saw a man whom I was told was Willard Maloney, the most profes-

sional man on the stock exchange in Wall Street. He was very expensively dressed with a huge flashy diamond stick pin in his tie and diamond rings on his fingers, but he was the same smiling Maloney. It was explained that the reason why Maloney had been able to clean up millions on the market was because, since his grammar school days, he had been studying the stock market and economics.

Next I saw a short jovial looking person with a wide grin. I did not need to have anyone tell me that this was "Mike" Flynn. But I soon heard that "Mike" was the greatest comedian on the stage. I always knew that "Mike" and his grin would become famous.

Then I saw two men who I learned were Congressmen Dannybuski and Boutwell. Congressman Dannybuski—once star basketball player of Berkshire County and Yale was elected from Massachusetts, while Congressman Boutwell was from New York. They represented the "pro" and "con" of a debate in Washington. Congressman Boutwell denounced the 18th Amendment and demanded its repeal, while Dannybuski with still greater zeal was upholding it. Suddenly the scene changed and I saw Bill Skinner, much thinner and taller. I learned that Bill was a great lecturer in the high school of United States. He lectured on "How to Get Thru High School In Four Years". I wonder if Bill knows the old saying "Practice what you preach". But Bill was in high long enough to learn how to do it so he's all right. The next picture was of a Rev. George Donald, who had performed more marriage ceremonies than any other minister in Massachusetts. I was also told that Rev. Donald was an extreme woman hater. Probably George obtains his pleasure in tying the knot for women which is very hard to untie. Then I saw a group of four athletic young men, they were, Robert Nelson, Gerald Wolcott, John Ruberto, and Jacob Samuel. After having been in training for six years in Albert Avnet's great training school, I was told that they were the greatest trapeze artists and acrobats in Green and Johnson's Circus, which by the way, was originally Barnum and Baily's. Then I saw a rather tall man with little or no hair on the top of his head and beside him was a man—a little shorter—with a wonderful marcel in his hair. I was told that this was Dan Coffey, professional basketball player who was suing Jack Gamwell, of Gamwell's Beauty Shop on Broadway, for ruining his hair. Altho Jack had refused to tell us girls in P. H. S. how he marcelled his hair, he was now making money telling the world. Evidently Dan grew rather tired of his curly hair and desired to have a real wave. This was the result. No wonder he was suing. I wonder if a wig would stay on while he was playing basketball. After weeping a little over Dan's fate I turned to the next picture. There I saw Leo Rodgers, Noel Rosenthal, Francis Sheridan and Lisle Studley who were known as the "Twenty-four Quartet" named in honor of the class in whose meetings they learned to sing. With them was "Fay" Controy who could play the piano with one hand and the "uke" with the other. This quartet has the honor of having traveled all over the world. Neill Bridges travels with them as an interpreter and coaches them in all foreign languages in which he is so well versed—especially Spanish. Neill has now written ten books entitled "Our Musical Tours Around the World". They are a huge success in Pittsfield where four hundred of his admirers have bought every volume.

Then I saw Cecil Lovejoy, a well known banker, in Hinsdale, who was causing quite a little scandal. Cecil went to a party where he drank too much lemonade and coming home he tried to make his bicycle "toddle". Of course this was a terrible scandal for Hinsdale and now Cecil is the object of much gossip. The next picture was of "Win" Gregory and Tommy Doyle. I was told that both were running for mayor of Lanesboro. One of "Win's" platforms is that he will have the last car leave Pittsfield for Lanesboro at 9 o'clock so that all the young people may follow his example, and get in early. Then I saw "Ray" Nelligan and "Joe" Russo. I learned that they run the most exclusive dancing school in Lee, a town which has grown quite a little since 1924. I was told that Dame Gossip has it around that Mr. Nelligan does quite a thriving business outside of dancing hours—mending broken umbrellas.

The picture changed again and I saw Morris Levine, president of Harvard College who is trying to introduce Nelson Baker's reform laws into the college. One law is that the students shall not see a girl during their four years at college. This rule is vigorously denounced by "Eddie" McGee and Emil Denoyers who are leaders of the Students. "Eddie" and Denoyers so far have gone to three colleges, never graduating in one because the girls take all their time.

Then I saw "Don" Steinway, the adored matinee movie idol of Hollywood. It is said that Don receives more letters from the women than any other movie actor.

Following this I saw George Anderson, Charles Baker, Alton Hutchinson and Warren Shaw who are moral reformers and who have banded together to try to do away with the greatest burlesque show in New York. It is owned by Gerald Claffie and John Mandell and managed by Thomas Conry. Mr. Conry has hired the great lawyer—well known in New York—Lloyd Williams, to take the case, while the opposing side has hired George Kelley. Mr. Kelley several years before, I learned, acquitted Vernon Chaffee of the case in which he was said to have married a stranger while under the influence of hard cider. I was rather surprised to hear that such a show was owned by two of my classmates but I was more surprised at the next announcement. I saw "Herb" Wollison looking very happy and I learned that he was now obtaining his tenth divorce. Such is life! Then I saw "Bob" Burbank and "Still" Fielden who are the authors of the latest jazz song hits—"I never Pay My Taxes When They Are Due" and "How Much Do I Owe?" Then just as I saw Eddie Hebert's face I felt a hand jerk the head phones from my head and there was Eddie himself. "Say what have you been doing all this time?" he asked. "I've been seeing all of the boys in the class as they will be in 1940," I replied.

"Oh bosh! You've been dreaming," he said.

"No, I haven't. Anyway, I won't tell you what your future is going to be," I replied angrily.

"Never mind, let's go—I've explained everything. Forget your dream and let's beat it."

Eddie still persists that I dreamed it all but I know that I saw it. What do you think?

Bernice E. Jordan

Address to the Senior B's

To the Senior B Class:

We, who are about to graduate in the class of '24, salute you. We have stumbled along through four years of lessons, prepared and, sorry to say, unprepared; dinners, good and bad, at the school lunch counter; school dances, successful and unsuccessful; and many other things some of which we hope you will imitate and others we hope you will avoid.

If you are fortunate enough to have twins in your class, we, who have learned from experience, advise you to tie a green tag on one and a red tag on the other so that the faculty may tell them apart.

You should try to produce such singers as the Reilly chorus, to amuse you at recess and at your class meetings.

Do not form a Sandwich Club (to meet at recess on the second floor) for it will surely end disastrously at the censure of the faculty.

Take care not to produce too many Athletic stars so that when you graduate a large gap will not be left in the fighting ranks. However, keep up the good work.

Beware of arousing Mr. Goodwin's roar, and the mild invective of Mr. Hayes. Though the outcome may be quite painful, the dear souls don't mean a word they say.

Why not have a few couches installed in the library while practice examinations are under way. Give Miss Morse assistance in carrying on the work in the library.

Don't do anything we wouldn't. Though the faculty may threaten you, take it as good-naturedly as we did, for they will undoubtedly assist you as they have assisted us in managing the school.

Above all else, keep in your hearts a warm place for the friends you have in the present graduating class.

It is not to be expected that you will be as brilliant as our illustrious class, but if you persevere, you may make a creditable showing. However, we wish you the best of success in your future school life and also in carrying out our wishes.

P. S. No offense intended. Apologies given in advance.

Class of June 1924,

Gladys F. Briggs

Yes, It Can't Be Done

Can't study in the Fall—Gotta play Football.

Can't study in the Winter—Gotta play basketball.

Can't study in the Spring—Gotta play Baseball.

Can't study in the Summer—Gotta a Girl.

Dorothy Rhoades: "You know that song fairly haunts me."

Nellie Lovejoy: "Why shouldn't it? You fairly murdered it."

Eva Rosenbaum: "There's a lot of electricity in my hair."

Ruth Richmond: "Sure, its connected to a dry cell."

Maplewood Prize Essay
Household Arts—Past, Present, Future

It is not uncommon, even now, to hear doubtful and jeering remarks about "this foolish, time-wasting Domestic Science." Yet it is certain that they, who so ridicule our helpful Household Arts courses, are the very ones who know nothing whatever of its value, now and hereafter, and of its consequent popularity. Household Arts, in a two-fold manner, is very beneficial to the United States in that it gives the youth of our country, skill and real pleasure in performing household tasks, and even sets standards for right living.

The first purpose of Household Arts, to give practical knowledge of housekeeping, is a very great help to any young woman. In numberless cases, school girls have immediate and urgent call for housekeeping in their father's homes. Moreover, it is every normal girl's earnest desire to become a homemaker, so that even those who are not needed at home during their school days, will sometime in the near future find need for such knowledge as Colonial mothers gave but which fewer twentieth century parents find time to impart. At this point the pessimist will say that the majority of brides would rather continue to work. Fine! With Household Arts training they have mastered a trade and can find glowing opportunities in any progressive high school which is introducing the course, in any hospital or sanatorium as a dietitian, matron, or nurse.

The second division of Household Arts deals with the standards for right living and is somewhat similar to health work in the schools. In this course, the girls are taught sane habits of eating, sleeping and living, without which the human system is undermined, not only physically but morally. Surely, if the Household Arts course can be of such benefit to America's young, no one can doubt its value.

This study which we have found so useful has, after all, had quite a notable past. Household Arts training originated in Boston, New York, and other cities where cooking classes for young ladies were organized in the middle of the nineteenth century. By 1845 the educated woman had begun to realize the importance of domestic science to both home and society. In the early years of their activities this small group of educated women succeeded in interesting the country to such an extent that, in 1890, three normal schools were giving courses, in 1900 twelve, and by 1914 almost every normal school in the country. Growth of this science in Cleveland schools has been the most notable. Courses there have been so perfected that they might well be taken as the best examples of what is being done at present in this interesting art.

In Cleveland, domestic science is a part of every girl's curriculum, just as manual training is in the boy's course. As there are some twenty-five or thirty centers, each equipped for regular classes in cooking and sewing, we find that there must have been a pressing demand for efficient instructors. This large body of teachers is supervised by an educational officer who is directly responsible to the superintendent of schools. She plans the course of study, confers with the teachers, selects equipment and sees to the upkeep of the rooms. In the majority of schools these rooms are very attractive. The kitchen is designed as any mod-

ern one should be. It is a true joy to each and every pupil to work with good "tools" in an airy room. Here they receive practical training beside study in marketing and physiology. Each girl is really anxious, also, for her sewing hours. Why shouldn't she be? She has been developing her mind in regular classes during the day. Now she finds awaiting her, not another classroom, but a real home-like sewing room, filled with streaming sunshine which drifts through draperies that the girls themselves so eagerly made and hung. Here, work is informal. While they are doing the actual needlework, the girls are discussing various methods for finishing their garments, or perhaps working problems for their designing class which is scheduled for the next day. Designing, alone, is of untold value, because once mastered, it saves purchasing any patterns for garments. Interior decorating, another phase of the course, is an art in itself and often brings excellent salaries to those who are accomplished in it.

One naturally might protest that this is really too expensive for a small school to undertake. Advocates have an answer. Let the class be self supporting. Here again we may hold up a number of schools as models. The departments have supported themselves by taking charge of the school lunch room and preparing all the meals. This fact alone shows how the girl can advance rapidly and what call there will be in the future for such work.

Surely if household arts has taken such a part in courses of even small schools, the public can readily see a glowing future for it. Every year, numbers of towns introduce the plan. Consequently, there is a steady call for more instructors. Is it not up to the high school girls of today to prepare to fill some of these positions? It is evident that the majority of America's girls are turning toward business. It cannot be said that all these stenographers are not competent, but business schools are turning out so many that positions cannot be found for them all. On the other hand, they have had no training in that line of work which every girl should follow. Moreover, we find so many young ladies looking for distinction, individual personality. What a greater opportunity the Household Arts study affords than that offered by stenography. Every thoughtful person must acknowledge that very soon the Household Arts systems will have developed almost to perfection.

Now, that America and even foreign countries such as France, Japan, Belgium and New Zealand have begun to realize the economic value of teaching the young girl household sciences, the country may be sure that the girls of coming generations will be physically, if not morally, superior to those young ladies who, since Colonial times, have had so little home training. It is to be hoped that more prosperous Americans will realize the value and try to promote the good work of Household Arts.

Ruth Gordon.

Exchanges

In grading our Exchanges, we have taken several things into consideration—general appearance, quality, quantity and arrangement. Please remember that our criticisms are given only with the idea of improving, not with a harsh feeling. You can do the same to us someday! Our marking system is as follows:

A+	95%
A	90%
B+	85%
B	80%
C+	75%
C	70%

Note: We did not expect, nor did we receive any perfect papers, hence the absence of the 100% mark.

Don't thank us, we are glad to do it.

The Xavier—Xavier High School A+
30 West 16th Street, New York City

The Libertus—Liberty High School C
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

The Emblem—Lewis High School C+
Southington, Conn.

Hotchkiss Literary Monthly—
Hotchkiss School A

Lakeville, Connecticut

Kent Quarterly—Kent School B
Kent, Conn.

Central High School Signal D
Columbia, Tenn.

Spy—Mamaroneck High School C+
Mamaroneck, N. J.

Tabula—Torrington High School C+
Torrington, Conn.

Red and Black—Steven's High School B
Claremont, N. H.

Item—Dorchester High School B+
Dorchester, Mass.

Omega—Creighton University High School B+
Omaha, Nebraska

Exchanges that we have received this month:

"Academe:" Drury High School, North Adams, Mass.,

"Red and Black Review:" Hannibal High School, Hannibal, Mo.,

"Williams Record:" Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.,

"Ypsie Sem:" Ypsilante High School, Ypsilante, Mich.,

"Pennsylvania:" University of Penn., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania,

"Omega:" Creighton University High School, Omaha, Neb.,

"Red and Black:" Stevens High School, Claremont, N. H.,

"Item:" Dorchester High School, New York, New York.

"Libertas:" Liberty High School, Bethlehem, Pa.,

"Emblem:" Lewis High School, Southington, Conn.,

"Monthly:" Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn.,

"Kent Quarterly:" Kent School, Kent, Conn.,

"Signal:" Central High School, Columbia, Tenn.,

"Spy:" Mamaroneck High School, Mamaroneck, New York.

"Tabula:" Torrington High School, Torrington, Conn.

"Tatler:" West High School, Des Moines, Iowa.

"Tech News:" Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Worcester, Mass.,

"Daily Orange:" University of Syracuse, Syracuse, New York.

Comments

The Xarier: It is a pleasure to receive a paper so well edited, and as thoroughly complete as yours is. Your Literary Department is excellent. The story "The Black Cat" was very well developed, and we were keenly interested in it.

We should like to say that your attitude towards Jokes is very meritorious. High School magazines are not edited as Joke Magazines. It seems a pity that magazines that could help to develop an immediate interest in literature, should be converted into mere Joke Books.

The only thing lacking in your paper, is a Personal Department, or something similar, that would create a more school-like atmosphere. All in all you have a magazine that is rarely found.

The Libertas: Your material loses value in the arrangement. Everything is printed in such a way that your magazine deteriorates into a mere jumble of news.

The Emblem: Your material is fair, but the arrangement is very poor. We would like to suggest a few main headings, and more stories. Your advertising department seems to be the most important. Why not devote a little

more time to the Literary side of your magazine, next time?

Hotchkiss Literary Monthly: You certainly live up to your name. You are a Literary magazine of the finest type. Why narrow yourselves, though? With the apparent ability that is in your school, you certainly ought to be able to turn out more editorials, that would be well worth reading. We should be interested in reading your criticisms on other school publications.

As a literary magazine we give you credit for being one of the best.

Kent Quarterly: Evidently editorials are your forte. They are very good, but you have narrowed yourselves to a one department paper. You are fortunate in being able to claim Mr. Willyer as one of your Alumnites.

You edit your paper only four times a year. Surely, in such a school as yours is reputed to be, you can find more contributors.

The Spy: You leave one with a very dizzy feeling, to say the least. Apparently there is neither beginning nor ending to your paper. Your lack of headings gives the impression of a chatterbox, who rushes from one topic to another, never stopping. We should think you would be breathless. We are, after reading your paper.

Item: You have some very promising artists in your school. Why not illustrate your stories? It would be rather original and the effect would be good.

Central High School Signal: Why, oh why did you take the money you spent on printing your April Fool's Issue, from your Commencement Number? Surely you could have spent

the money on a better grade of paper, than you had first planned on, or something. Nothing would have been better than what you did publish. We know that your Commencement Issue is going to be a fine one, and we are anticipating reading it.

We received your Annual just before our paper went to press. It is very interesting and a very great improvement over your April Fool's Issue. In spreading your advertisements throughout your paper, you have spoiled the appearance of it. As an Annual is not generally commercialized, it seems as though you could have either omitted your advertisements or had an advertising section.

Omega: Your Annual is a very fine paper. You are to be complimented on the appearance of your paper. The quantity and quality of your cartoons add much to your book. The humor, perhaps, is a bit forced, but then that may be because it applies solely to your school and is not appreciated by outsiders.

Tabula: To you, as to many others, we say the same thing. Why not take more trouble to arrange your material better and thus improve the appearance of a really good paper?

Red and Black: In looking over your magazine we think that more and better stories would be a good addition to your paper. Your editorials are excellent. We like your cut for "School Notes", but your "School Notes" are conspicuous by their absence.

Era Rosenbaum

Coherence

Bernie Boutwell: "I know a man out in Ohio who lives on onions alone."

Noel Rosenthal: "Well anyone who lives on onions ought to live alone."

Morris Levine: "They say that money talks—"

Eve Rosenbaum: "Well?"

Morris: "I wonder how that idea originated."

Eve: "Haven't you ever noticed the lady on the dollar."



CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL



Conversation—the Divine Gift

ALTHOUGH Woodrow Wilson has passed beyond the boundaries of this world, his simple definition for conversation remains with us, and, in spite of its simplicity, it is flavored with the genius that continually characterized him. He explains conversation as "a meeting of minds". It has been commonly said that of all indoor sports, conversation is the greatest. I might also add that it holds the same standing in all outdoor participations. Conversation is a way of *living with others*. It is a mental and spiritual fellowship. There can be no worse situation for most of us than to be deprived of mingling without fellowmen. One of the most dreadful forms of punishment is solitary confinement. Napoleon Bonaparte has sadly authenticated the proof of this statement. On the lonely rock of St. Helena his thoughts were constantly of the Saviour, and his continual prayer was "for someone to whom he could talk". Robinson Crusoe was also deprived of God's great gift, Conversation, but the full force of his solitude was somewhat lessened by the presence of his man, Friday.

There is a great difference, however, between a "talker" and a "conversationalist". Mere glibness and fluency do not insure success in the fine art of conversation. It is quite as possible to fail in this world because one talks too much as because one talks too little. Shakespeare refers to "companions that do converse and waste the time together". Most of us do not need any help in wasting time. Conversation should offer a way of conserving and improving time, and of making those who converse more comfortable and happy in their relations with each other.

The ideal conversationalist is well versed in the Study of Human Nature. He knows what others have thought and felt in the past; in short; he understands the secrets of the human mind. No one admires the chronic bore. He may be a great talker, but he is forever talking about himself and his own affairs, and possesses a complete lack of tact. The pleasant conversationalist is thoughtful of others and by his sympathetic and intelligent understanding of the folks about him develops a theme of mutual interest. By observing the golden rule, "Do to others as you would have them do to you", he brings into his conversation his *real* personality, much to the comfort and satisfaction of others. The master of the art of conversation is also a good listener. The most disastrous of all forces affecting oral intercourse is the monopolization of conversation by some one person as is well illustrated by the following incident:

The poet Coleridge was occasionally a conversationalist but always a great talker. He had the habit, when meeting his acquaintances on the streets, of seizing a button of their coats, and then closing his eyes and beginning to *talk*. While his eyes were closed, he would pour out a torrent of words concerning matters that interested him, regardless whether they interested the one to whom he was talking; and being unable to see the distress signals of the other man, he was not disturbed by them.

One day Coleridge met and literally button-holed a friend who, waiting until the poet was well under way with his talking, took out his knife, carefully cut off the button of his coat, and left Coleridge standing, with his eyes closed, talking

to the button. After some time, the friend returned and found Coleridge still talking. It is quite evident that the poet was not trying to converse with his friend; he was talking for his own pleasure regardless of his victim's feelings. The button served his purpose just as well as a person, so long as he did not know the difference.

It is a universal habit for people, when there is nothing else to talk about, to resort to the weather. "Tis a foolish custom," say some. "We must put a stop to it," say others. Both are wrong. A custom so ancient and universal is neither without season nor easily abolished. What are the requirements of a conversational opening? When two strangers or acquaintances meet, there must be some common ground upon which to converse, and what can be more common than the weather. Everybody has an equal share in it, and in this instance, both have the same weather. On the other hand, people conversing over the long distance telephone do not talk about the weather as it is most probable that they have different weathers. Perhaps the chief reason why the weather is a suitable topic for conversation is because of its uselessness. No matter how much you may deplore weather conditions, no one is likely to hold you responsible for them or call upon you to prescribe a remedy.

In beginning a conversation, money does not constitute a suitable opening. Doubtless one has more money than the other. In either case talking about it merely emphasizes the inequality and makes one or the other uncomfortable. Nor can the gates of true conversation be opened by telling another about your rheumatism. He either has no rheumatism, in which case he cannot appreciate your interest in the subject, or he has rheumatism of his own and wants to talk about his and not yours. Hard times are a topic of general interest, common alike to millionaire and workingman, but if you mention the fact that times are hard to a perfect stranger, he will immediately take advantage of this admission by asking for a subscription for some charity or by demanding that you vote the Socialist ticket. On the whole, the weather is still the main topic of conversation because no better opening has been discovered.

Perhaps the salesman of today employs the Art of Conversation as much as anyone else in this world. To him speech is a live, pulsating form of business power for,

He does not sell the auto, after all his fuss and care
He sells God's open country, and the sunshine, and the air;
And perhaps you'll think me stupid, or pronounce me very droll
But he does not sell the augur—he simply sells the hole.

Conversation is not only a means of communicating with other human beings through the spoken word. By way of the submarine, steamship, and other forms of ocean craft, we converse with the sea. We talk to the stars by using the modern methods of science, and mingle with the clouds through the employment of the aeroplane. In practically every moment of our lives we converse with someone or something, which but emphasizes the fact that conversation is the diamonds of the rich, the pearls of the poor, and the inheritance of both.

Gladys Bramley

The Development of the Art of Music

MUSICAL culture among the English-speaking nations was never in so vigorous a condition as at present. Musical instruction is a necessary branch of education; its methods are being established on a scientific basis; through schools, trained private teachers, societies and an expanding concert system.

More and more has the demand for pleasure increased. Hand in hand go music and pleasure. "Let's have some fun," says the child. "We want excitement," adds the youth. "We must have an avocation," says middle age. "Give us peace and contentment," sighs old age. Thus stand the four stages of life. And it is all a matter of pleasure. Different people get pleasure from different things. Some people desire no better fun than the pursuit of the dollar. Others find pleasure in games and sports. Many folks derive fun from making others happy, and a few, sad to relate, get great pleasure out of making others miserable. Where do you get your pleasure? Do you not find it in *Music*? Music is soothing, relaxing, restful. Music is not entirely composed of deep, solemn, gloomy chords as some people seem to think. Into it has crept vivacity, joy, happiness—even pleasure! Great artists, like Wagner, generally soaring among the clouds, often come down to earth in a burst of melodious joy, of happiness, of mirth and of pleasure.

When the world was first set into motion everything was made to the beat and rhythm of Time. The stars, the sun, the moon were created to appear and disappear rhythmically. We all know, "From harmony, from heavenly harmony this universal frame began". Herbert Spencer tries to show that "song employs and exaggerates the natural language of the emotions; that vocal music, and by consequence all music, is an idealization of the natural language of passion."

Music has rapidly developed. The history of music from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries is that of the slow mastery of the art of pure *vocal* counterpoint. In this period of Musical Progress, also, the courtly poetry of the Middle Ages merits a passing word. The gathering together of musical chords into harmony was new in this period, therefore it is not surprising that Music was assigned a supernatural power. The story is told that when a great Flemish composer was employed by Albert V, Duke of Bavaria, he was expected to lead his choir, accompanied by the church officials, in a procession around the town, as was the custom on Corpus Christi day. The day arrived, and with it a terrific tempest. Finding it impossible to proceed through the town, it was finally decided to hold the ceremonies within the church. The choir marched ahead, singing the new anthem of Di Lasso, and when it reached the portals the storm suddenly ceased, and ever after Di Lasso's anthem was accredited the power to quell tempests, and the people revered more than before the mysterious element, called Music. This illustration shows what a place Music held in the minds of people in the Middle Ages. It has been argued that some time we shall find that Music can quell and sway the elements. The Grecian music is distinctly distinguished from that of all the other ancient nations not only by its greater refinement and scientific elaboration but also by the fact that the Greeks first divined its powers as a free independent art.

Step by step we may take up the valuation of Music. What is its value in the Home? Is not Music a home recreation? It is soothing, elevating, pleasure-giving and entertaining. Nowhere, as in the Home, is Music so much appreciated. Is not Music of value in the Church? Music makes up much of a church service. The Puritans, although relinquishing many of their hymns, still retained their psalm tunes and continued making them an *important* part in their daily worship. This custom still prevails in our churches of today.

"What passion cannot Music raise and quell? When Jubal struck his chorded shell, his listening brethren stood around, and, wondering, on their faces fell, to worship that celestial sound." In every human being there is a chord which instantly responds to a reverberating strain of Music. It may be melancholy music, it may be joyful, brilliant music; but whatever its character it sometimes seems to reach our innermost soul. Our lives are brightened, a cloud is lifted by the sweet weird sound of Music, soul-thrilling Music.

And now to the last period, the period of Popular Music. To many, popular music consists of the songs which seem to be on everyone's tongue today and which no one will be interested in tomorrow. Taking the popular view, this would be entirely correct; but is it not a rather severe criticism of the human race to suggest that the music which stands highest in its favor is precisely that which in most cases, will very soon descend into the deepest and darkest oblivion? Just as there are two classes of literature, however, the so-called "superior", Shakespearean and other great dramatists' works, and the "popular", the novels of today, so there are two kinds of Music. But it is true that the Music which we *ordinarily* term "popular" is not so in any real or permanent sense. The true popular music of the world today is that which the people have taken to their hearts to cherish and preserve, and to pass on to succeeding generations. If we regard the matter in this light, is it not obvious that the songs of the great composers, like Schubert, Chopin and Liszt, and also the grand operatic selections, are more truly popular music than the latest ditty or the newest musical comedy? *Popular* music truly consists of music of the highest merit; music which has stood the test of time and criticism. It is the music which humanity has gathered to itself as a priceless heritage, and which it will not let die; *this* is the true popular music.

In conclusion I shall quote William N. Runyon's version of this great element, *Music*: "Music awakens all that is best in man. Heartens him; soothes him; I believe a fuller knowledge of the great music writers of the past and present, and more familiarity with their work will exert an influence, which while subtle, will prove most potent in leading our people toward that contentment, which, after all, is the one goal we all seek."

Beatrice Mackie



Hobbies

THE old adage says, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Surprising as it may seem, there are people who, in the long years of struggling for an existence, have forgotten how to play. Others have never learned, for their work commanded all their time and energy. What will be their lot in the years to come when all the energies of their waking hours will not be required to perform their daily tasks? A hobby has been variously defined as a subject to which the mind is constantly reverting, a favorite and ever recurring topic of discourse. A hobby furnishes food for the mind and health for the body. Here then, seems to lie the practical solution of a great problem—acquire a hobby! Hobbies, and the ways in which they are of benefit to man are as numberless as the grains of sand upon the beach. A hobby, the love of out-of-door life, gave one of our most beloved presidents, Theodore Roosevelt, the healthy body and vigorous mind which enabled him to serve his country, and occupy such a high place in the hearts and minds of the American people.

A recreation is usually taken to mean an out-of-door sport, which becomes a hobby only if a man brings to it something of a passion, and not if taken merely for exercise. Something more than a passing interest is involved; here are expended the accumulated resolves formed in odd moments during the months of professional labor. Grover Cleveland and Joe Jefferson were devoted and enthusiastic fishermen, who planned far ahead for the outing and endured the pangs of hunger and many a downpour for the sake of their hobby. Grover Cleveland spent one summer in our own Berkshires, and during that time was a familiar figure at Laurel Lake, where he spent the greater part of his time fishing.

We all like to ride something. The cheapest thing to ride is a hobby: it eats no oats, it demands no groom, and needs no shoeing. Men of worth have all had their hobbies, great or small. However he comes by one, every well-intentioned man should stable a hobby, if only for the convenience of his friends. How gaily will he break over the dullest talk, safely bestride his or his neighbor's hobby. And those who seek at Christmas time, "an inexpensive gift for Mother, or anything that Father will even notice", find their labors lightened if either parent professes a taste for Victorian biography, old pewter, or the collecting of curious coins. Timid relatives, newly returned from foreign parts, come to see you with a tremor. "It is always an easy task to choose a souvenir for dear Belinda," they cry, "she is quite mad about boxes!" or, "It is easy to think of something that Henry will appreciate. He lives for firearms! It must be delightful to know as much as Henry does about pokers!" It is delightful, and if at times Henry's delight is a little insistent, his friends forgive him with gentle tolerance.

Certain personalities give the world a glimpse of their hobbies the year round. Rockefeller's delight in distributing bright, shiny, new, ten-cent pieces is keen at all seasons. But generally it is in this summer season of relaxation that the world at large gets a chance to look into the hearts of its heroes. Then the reporter goes round with his camera to see if perchance he can find a dandified actor hoeing potatoes, or a statesman baiting a hook, or rebuking a gun when his aim is false. When greatness steps from its pedestal and joins the common run, all the world is happy at the sight.

Ideally, a summer hobby would keep one out-of-doors, yet much by one's self. For not only should the body be set to work in unwonted ways, but the mind also. And the advantage of being apart from one's fellows lies in the fact that the mind then grows philosophical. Fishing, tramping, hunting, gardening, sailing, and the cycling which still holds its own in England, abound in opportunities for meditation and serious thought.

It is impossible for the human mind to do nothing, it must occupy itself with something. If it is very much interested in business, and in nothing else, then it will constantly revert to business cares. But if there is some intense interest, then it may forget its business worries in the midst of it. If there is a hobby to which the mind will turn quite naturally, then the interest in this gives a complete rest to the other portions of the brains. Evidently this is the secret of the long life of men with hobbies, for though they seem to do more work the variety in their work really gives them periods of thorough rest.

Most of the men who have lived far beyond the ordinary term of life have been noted for their hobbies; that is, besides their ordinary occupations, whatever they may be, they have had one or more intellectual interests, to which they have turned for refreshment, and which have proved, not a mere expenditure of energy, but a recreation, as it provided an opportunity for other portions of the brain to relax themselves. Gladstone, turning from politics to Greek for a rest, is a typical example of this; Cardinal Newman, with his varied interests, is another; Pope Leo devoted himself to Latin poetry in the intervals of an extremely busy life up to ninety-three.

Men whose years have been many have not devoted themselves to one thing, but to many, and have accomplished noteworthy results in several departments. It would be indeed worth while for men, just as they try to keep themselves in good physical health by indulging in exercise when they are young, to provide for their mental health and above all, their need for relaxation when older, by training themselves to indulge in some hobby that may become a precious interest in life. The small green heads which dart unexpectedly from Johnnie's picket, or the bits of jagged quartz, put carefully away for safe-keeping inside the piano, are the nucleus of a collecting hobby, destined as an antidote against future boredom. It may prove to be the means of keeping our minds on the bright side of life, for we know that pessimism and self-pity stand ever ready to creep in if we have nothing more worthy of our thoughts. A hobby is an assurance that old age will not be a period of utter disinterest in life, merely because our work in the world is nearly completed, for

The man who has a hobby upon which he rides,
Is sure to be healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Mayre A. Baranzelli



Class Statistics

PONE bright morning a few days ago I sauntered slowly toward the cool, quiet woods where I could sit beneath the giants of the forest and be alone with my thoughts—if I should happen to have any. I had walked for some distance when I grew tired and settled myself comfortably beneath a huge oak tree on the banks of a dancing little stream. Here my thoughts at once reverted to school and my many happy classmates. The next day we would have an assembly at school and it would be conducted entirely by the Senior Class.

"What fun!" thought I. "They will read the Class Will, Class History, and, Oh yes—the Class Statistics! I am so anxious to hear them all!" I mused on like this for several minutes. Finally I leaned my head against the trunk of the tree and gazed up into the cloudless sky, thinking that perhaps this position might enable me to think more clearly, as I was now beginning to feel drowsy after my long walk. However, my efforts to invoke thought proved futile and I was just closing my eyes for a nice little nap when something bright flashed across my face and as I gazed up into the tree-tops I glimpsed a tiny little sunbeam slipping lithely through the branches. She slid swiftly through the outstretched arms of the tree and as she came nearer I recognized her as our own Grace Lamb, who was so light and airy, that old mother nature had changed her into a sunbeam to brighten up the lonely and careworn travelers on life's great highway. Her bright hair glistened so that I was, at first, almost dazed. I rose to greet her but she motioned me to my seat and settled herself comfortably beside me. Without delay she at once began to tell me of her travels since her transformation. She said she was certain that I would be interested in hearing the outcome of the class statistics and immediately began to relate to me how she had gone about, intending, at first, to cheer up the different members of our class, but that she, like all women, had been overcome by her curiosity and could not resist the temptation to peep at the class votes.

However, her curiosity was only partially satisfied when Gladys Mercier, who wished to have the game as well as the name—for she had been elected Class Grouch—pulled down the shade just as Grace was reading Freda Meiowitz's name inscribed opposite the Class Chatterbox.

Grace was sure that Freda could give her a little information concerning the rest of the list so she immediately visited her. Freda, as usual, was ready to talk and told Grace that she would, no doubt, receive the necessary data if she would but visit the Class Gossip, Sara Sagarin.

Sara was bent upon studying a soliloquy from Hamlet, but never was a visitor more welcome than was Grace at that particular moment, and, upon request for such information, Sara eagerly cast her book aside and related the following:

"Yes, Grace, of course you realize that we have a most illustrious class. For example we have two special characters who are termed "model students" and whom we should endeavor to keep ever before our mind's eye that we may be the success which they have proven is attainable. No doubt you have, by this time, guessed that these students are none other than Beatrice Mackie and Irene LaNois.

"In direct contrast with these renowned models is the Class Nuisance, Ralph Levernoch; and, too, Arthur Grenier has been assigned the rather questionable title of Class Clown, while Harold Palmer, elected as Class Kidder, well deserves this honor—if it may be so considered."

"And now I shall tell you who our most popular girl is. Chosen from a class of fifty-three students, Doris Wilkinson carried off the awards with the ease and grace characteristic of her sunny nature. Also John Archambeault can easily share honors with Miss Doris, he being unanimously elected the most popular boy. However, it never rains but it pours and Johnny has been showered also with the titles of Class Sport, Best NATURED Boy, Most Business-like Boy, and Best Boy Dancer. But, of course, Johnny, even though he is the best boy dancer cannot dance alone, and so Kathleen Flynn makes an ideal partner for she, too, is versed in the terpsichorean art. As a partner for his good nature Mildred Murphy cannot be excelled, and as a business associate Theodora Kilian ranks highest in the favor of the class."

"But now, Grace, as the time for your retirement is drawing near, I shall finish my story in statistical form."

"As Class Poet, Frances Rawson has been chosen. Class Artist—Dorothy Prew. Class Mother—Irene LaNois. Class Father—Frank Fulhan. Class Giggler—Rose O'Donnell. Class Beauty—Marion Ryan. Class Cutie—Kathleen Flynn. Class Wit—Winthrop Sheerin. Class Mouse—Lucy Carnute."

"Brains do not always seem to be bestowed upon the largest people for our Smallest Girl, Gladys Bramley, is also our Brightest Girl, and hand in hand with her comes our brightest boy—Frank Fulhan."

"Our Most Carefree Boy is Edmund Teot, and Most Carefree Girl—Christine McCann. Class Fashionplate—Mildred Guidi. Class Pet—Gladys Bell. Class Children—Lucy Carnute, Edna Woodward, and Edmund Teot. The girl with the best complexion is Ruth Newton. Shortest Boy—Artis Diefendorf. Tallest Boy—George Noble. Tallest Girl—Theodora Kilian."

As Grace had now satisfied her curiosity she thanked Sara for her hearty co-operation and danced off with Betty O'Neil, the Class Butterfly, to find some cozy little spot in which to spend the night as she was growing weary after her interview with Sara.

However, Grace told me that she had spent a very restless night with so much on her mind and so, when I tried to thank her for giving me all this information, she only shook her head and said, in an elfish way, "You do not realize how glad I am to have an opportunity to rid my mind of this load. After all it is better not to be curious."

Then she gathered up her tiny skirts and went dancing down the woody path lured on by the strains of sweet music issuing from Marguerite's violin, for Marguerite Sargent had been elected our Class Musician.

Beatrice Mackie
Doris Wilkinson

**Last Will and Testament of the June Class of 1924
Commercial Building**

WE, the June Class of 1924, of the Pittsfield High School, Commercial Department, City of Pittsfield, Berkshire County, State of Massachusetts, land of Prohibition, Blue Laws, and Bobbed-Hair-Fiends, being of sound mind and understanding, do make, publish, and declare this to be our Last Will and Testament; That is to say:

First: To the faculty as a whole, we leave our honorable record, trusting that in the future, all classes may be as brilliant, and as well-behaving as we have been.

Second: To Mr. Ford, the main privilege of being escorted to and from the Central Building by at least twenty girls.

Third: To Miss Downs, we leave the Town of Lenox to do with as she may desire.

Fourth: To Mrs. McCubbin, we leave a watch that will require winding only every eight days; she may have Sundays off, and wind it.

Fifth: To Miss O'Bryan, we leave a megaphone so that she may be heard above the din and clicking of the typewriters.

Sixth: To Miss McGil, the hope that some day she may become a bank president; we also leave her our worn out rulers.

Seventh: To Miss Mangan, the privilege of repeating what is given over the dictaphone to future classes.

Eighth: To Miss Roy, the difficulties of finding out which student has used an ink eradicator.

Ninth: To Miss Bligh, we request that she grant Senior A's a higher mark than C in Penmanship.

Tenth: To Miss Baker, we leave the benefit of the doubt, "How many understand?" also the privilege of showing future classes in Etiquette how to eat peas with a knife without spilling the peas or cutting your face.

Eleventh: To Miss Farrell, the use of the expressions, "Quiet please", and "Memorize these few three hundred words for tomorrow".

Twelfth: To Miss McSweeney a quiet period in Room 7 without interference from any boisterous Seniors.

Thirteenth: To Mrs. Volin, the privilege of picking out another "Sheik" to take George's place at the Lunch Counter.

Fourteenth: To Mr. Barry and Mr. Franklin, the general clean-up after Christmas next year, and an iron fence to place around the lawn.

Fifteenth: To the Sophomores, we leave the Commercial Building as a twiddly-wink parlor and tea-room, after they get their new High School.

Sixteenth: To the Juniors, we leave the looking-glasses in Rooms 8 and 7 to break, if necessary.

Seventeenth: To the Senior B's, we leave a place on the wall in Room 8 over the ventilator so that hot-air will still circle through the school after they leave.

Eighteenth: To coming students of P. H. S., we leave cherished hopes, as

we have hoped, that they will be able to step into a *new* High School in the *near future*.

Nineteenth: To all, we leave our examples of diligence and virtue to follow, if they are to secure our high standards.

Twentieth: To those who doubt the sincerity of our bequeaths, that they were made in good faith and generosity.

In Witness Whereof, we have hereunto set our seal and signature this 23rd day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-four.

The June Class, 1924 Commercial Dept.

John Archambeault
Margaret Stanton

Farewell to Senior B's

IN September 1920, a large class of freshmen entered the doors of the Commercial Building. Six months later, when they became Freshmen A's, a smaller class entered to take the place of these Freshmen. For three and one half years we remained together, and now 'tis parting time.

You are to be our successors. You are soon to be dignified Senior A's. This is a title which all pupils wish to attain.

As we have been looked up to, so will you and you will be placed upon a pedestal as a model for the lower classes. We, the present Senior A's, hope you will make as good models as we have. Ask Miss Downs the kind of example we have set. She will gladly tell you, I am sure. We know we have been a perfect class (no need to ask anyone about that) but like everyone else, we have our faults (though we don't know what they are). If you have seen our mistakes, profit by them and so improve yourselves.

We leave to you the responsibility of upholding the order of this building. As for the building itself, there isn't much for us to leave, because the only good things here are the stairs, which were put in new last summer, the telephone, and a few new typewriters.

There isn't anything more to our farewell except that we hope you will carry on the work "we have thus far so nobly advanced" and step in our footsteps. Make them slow and sure, and when you also say "farewell" let the other Seniors "carry on".

Irene Lanois



History of the Class of June 1924

ON a bright peaceful September morning in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred twenty, we, a band of over one hundred wise-looking freshmen, with hands and faces lately washed, and hair arranged in the latest fashion, presented ourselves at the door of this splendid institution of learning, the Pittsfield High School of Commerce. After being closely scrutinized by teachers, janitors, and, last but not least, the Seniors, we were duly entered as freshmen, and started on the Road for the Land of Great Wisdom, settling down at once to our studies. It was probably because of this that the teachers assert that ours is the very best class that has ever come to the school.

It seemed as though we had entered into a new world and we found our surroundings most novel and interesting. The first thing that seemed strange to us was having a different teacher for each subject, and going from room to room for recitations. We soon became used to it, however, after we had acquainted ourselves with the teachers and had become accustomed to their exquisite, though somewhat peculiar manners. We loved them all and our affection has not ceased even unto this very day. In fact, even when they marked us 45 on our examination papers when we thought we deserved a mark of 95, we never wavered in our admiration for them one and all.

Toward the end of our first year, the question of going on to graduation came up in the minds of many. Most of the class resolved that they would stick to the end of their course, while others pluckily added: "I must go out and earn a living." So for various reasons our class was reduced in numbers when the second year of high school began.

With what a different air we entered as proud, domineering sophomores, to that of the preceding year as humble and timid freshmen. There came into our midst a number of freshmen whose greenness could never be described. We recalled our freshmen days when the sophomores had given us a savage reception, and so, to ease our troubled spirits, we assailed the newcomers as we had been assailed. Many were the triumphs we won as sophomores, but we were anxious to come into the limelight, studying from early in the morning until late at night with continued diligence in order that we might be distinguished by having our names on the Honor Roll.

As we entered our Junior year we realized that we were one step nearer to the goal of our ambition. This year we gave only the most pitying glances at the poor freshmen as they sneaked into the building, and only nodded to the sophomores as we belonged to the upper class, or at least, thought we did. After settling down once more to our studies, we decided to organize so we held a class meeting at which the following officers and class advisor were chosen: President, Francis Hickey; Vice-President, George Noble; Secretary, Frances Rawson; Treasurer, Grace Lamb, and Class Adviser, Miss Baker. Soon afterward the two schools were joined, and plans were made for the Junior Prom. Members of the class were appointed to act on committees in an attempt to make it a success; and what a success it was! It was held at the Masonic Temple on June 15th and proved a great success socially, as well as bringing the two schools more closely together.

Never did the breast of the king on coronation day swell with such joy and pride as did ours as we entered the high school as seniors. We looked neither to the right nor to the left as with dignified step and compressed lips we took our place for the last stage of the journey that would send us "Out of School Life and into Life's School". We now desired to make the most of every fleeting moment, so we again organized and the following officers were chosen: President, Theodora Kilian; Vice-President, George Noble; Secretary, Beatrice Mackie; Treasurer, Marguerite Sargent, while Miss Farrell was chosen class adviser. We made plans at once for the choosing of our class rings and in a short time had them in our possession. These rings may well be the envy of any other class, at least we displayed them with such a feeling. At the end of our first semester as Seniors, we changed our class adviser, this time choosing Mrs. McCubbin.

Being a class with a strong desire to build for future citizenship, we decided to make a trip to the session of Congress at Albany. So on April 9, we made the trip, and besides seeing Congress in session we visited other places of educational interest. On May 16, our Senior Hop was held at the Masonic Temple and was a wonderful success, bringing us a handsome profit, of which our share was about \$50.00.

It now was nearing commencement. Everyone in the Senior Class was talking of essays, making plans for the Banquet, which was to be held at the Maplewood Hotel; Autograph Albums were flying around like leaves in the fall and in fact, everything is in a whirl of excitement. Even though we have been a trial to many of the teachers we have indeed developed such qualities which will help to make us more capable of doing the work which is before us. For twelve years we have eaten the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, and are about to go out into the wide world and take our place in the ranks of those who are doing the useful things in the world. Let us not weary of well-doing, for in due season we shall reap our reward.

*Marguerite Sargent
Marguerite Burr.*



Who's Who—Commercial**JOHN ARCHAMBEAULT**

Johnny is the most popular boy
In the whole class of '24
He always makes the most plausible plans,
Here's hoping they'll help him o'er life's
troubled sands.

RUTH ARONSTEIN

Big brown eyes and dark bobbed hair,
A wish to help everyone, everywhere,
She's tall and shapely, not so lean,
Those sitting behind her can't be seen.

MAYRE BARANZELLI

As over life's seas you happen to sail
May the world fulfill your desire,
And never give cause on your house to nail,
A sign inscribed "For Hire".

GLADYS BELL

A bright disposition, no opposition,
And beautiful curly hair;
In this world full of sin, I know she'll win,
Because she's so honest and fair.

RUBY BONNIVER

Ruby has a winning way,
Sometimes she's sad, sometimes she's gay;
Yet always ready with a smile or two,
To brighten us all when we're feeling blue.

GLADYS BRAMLEY

First in her lessons, first in her class,
First in our friendships, first to the last;
Small and petite, with such tiny feet,
And as witty a girl as ever you'd meet.

HELEN BROWN

We hope the sun will shine,
On your doorstep all the time,
Helen please don't draw the line,
When he says, "will you be mine?"

MILDRED BRUCE

It's no sin to be tall and thin,
As Mildred has proved to us all,
She has a tongue that rattles so fast,
That we don't hear the first word till she's
spoken the last.

MARGUERITE BURR

Marguerite Burr is sweet and demure,
With eyes that are snappy and bright,
Curly black hair and features so fair,
And she can convince you she's right.

LUCY CARNUTE

Lucy Carnute is such a quiet lass,
That she's called the mouse of the '24 class,
But the proverb says that still water runs
deep,
So of good luck and riches we wish you a heap.

DOROTHY CLEMONS

Here's another sweet girlie
And she comes to school early,
May life be always full of joy,
And pleasure for this maiden coy.

FRANCES COOPER

She's always there when it comes to talking,
She's always a few laps ahead I confess,
But when she is away out there hiking,
The only thing Fran likes is rest.

DOROTHY DECKER

A good sport and a cheerful companion,
A wish to be friends with us all,
A little upturned freckled nose,
Yet not very wide or tall.

MAE DOWNS

Somewhat bashful, a little shy,
A little timid, I wonder why?
Her name is Mae, it describes her well,
A happy future for her we foretell.

MARION EICHSTEDT

A person you like to talk to,
A friend you like to possess,
A character all true blue,
And a winning way, I confess.

FRANK FULHAN

The brightest boy in the class is Frank,
And I guess he is popular, too,
He isn't a critic, he isn't a crank,
When he's gone tell me what will we do.

KATHLEEN FLYNN

She's called the class cutie, I hope that her
beauty,
Will bring her health and success,
Her sweet personality, plus some rascality,
Will make her the queen of the rest.

LORRAINE GANNON

Small and quiet is Lorraine,
Yet she's a good friend just the same,
It doesn't matter what is her name,
Because she knows how to play the game.

ARTHUR GRENIER

"I love me", is his motto true,
And it fits him just like a too small shoe,
We all voted for him to be the class clown,
An office of wit and great renown.

MILDRED GUIDI

Not very quiet, yet rather shy,
When a great big boy casts upon her his eye,
She powders her nose at a furious rate,
As to clothes, she's the class fashionplate.

HELEN HAWLEY

She comes from the country, but that's no
disgrace,
Though her nose be uplifted and freckled,
her face,
Her hair is brown, and naturally curly,
Does she like the boys? Just watch that
girlie!

FLORENCE HUNT

Here's another quiet girl,
But in the clam, we find the pearl,
Though she's quiet, she is true,
To me, and my classmates and to you.

LENA JACOB

Lena is gay and full of fun,
Sometimes quiet like a cloud o'er the sun,
And then again as bright as the day,
A good sport and a pal in every way.

THEODORA KILIAN

Over the last year's rocky way,
She guided our class, from day to day,
She's the most business like girl in the class,
A witty and bright and happy lass.

GRACE LAMB

Never a cloud on her sunny face,
Never a pout on her lips,
She'll be a sunbeam through life's long race,
Right to her small finger tips.

IRENE LaNOIS

Oh! those saucy eyes,
And that cute bobbed hair,
Nevertheless she's a model student,
Very proper and very prudent.

BELLA LEVINE

Not at all bashful, not at all shy,
She believes in speaking her mind,
And then she will argue, I wonder why,
In talking she's never behind.

RALPH LEVERNOCH

A smart young fellow, very bright,
A shiny nose like a burning light,
We hope that success will fill his cup,
With no one to holler at him, "shut up!"

ALICE LUCAS

A lass from far off Richmond Town,
Who's sunny smile won her renown,
In school she did like to fool with the boys,
But still we all wish her heavenly joys.

BEATRICE MACKIE

In this wide world is she bound to soar,
On a platform as an orator,
May soon she walk the floors at night
Thinking of speeches for women's rights.

CHRISTINE McCANN

"Christine I've spoken to you before,"
These words you have heard galore,
When in the future in search of a man,
Don't take a sailor, stick to the land.

FREDA MEIROWITZ

Freda is our little class chatterbox,
To keep her mouth shut would require two
padlocks,
We hope that upon him it will prove no curse,
When he takes you, Freda, for better or worse.

GLADYS MERCIER

Gladys is our little class grouch,
But sunny's her smile with him on a couch,
In Albany our pictures she did take
So's remembrance of us she would not forsake.

ALICE MILLINGTON

Alice is an up-to-date girl
With hair bobbed where it used to curl
May fortune favor her on her way
And over her husband have full sway.

MILDRED MURPHY

Whose thoughts and actions are always care-free
A face wreathed with smiles—pleasant to see.
Her temper, ruffle, you never can
For when she is riled, she always counts ten.

RUTH NAGELSCHMIDT

A light-haired girl with a smile so fair
Never a worry, never a care
She goes through this world singing a song
That it may be a duet, we hope before long.

RUTH NEWTON

One who from her hair has not been parted
Please give her a push and get her started
Ruth so old-fashioned, so sublime
Will never get used to these up to date times.

GEORGE NOBLE

A handsome lad, a farmer's son
Who gets up at six, cares he has none
A lassie's heart we know he has won
Oh, Georgie, you son of a gun.

ROSE O'DONNELL

Rose is our giggler and that's some fame
There's lots of others, who wanted the name
It's giggle at this, giggle at that,
But we wish her luck in a three-room flat.

ELIZABETH O'NEIL

There's a little bit of Ireland
In Betty's roguish smile
May she find a bed of shamrock
And linger there awhile.

HAROLD PALMER

A sheik has nothing on Harold,
He works like a knight of old,
He does not use cave man stuff,
He wins by favor I'm told.

DOROTHY PREW

A rising young artist is Dot,
Not one who daubs on brick or block,
But one who draws with a practiced hand,
The features of woman, child, or man.

FRANCES RAWSON

She follows the footsteps of Longfellow or Poe,
A fact this is we all well know,
Rhythm for her is but a lark,
With a brain like hers witty and sharp.

ELIZABETH RING

Lizzie never has much to say,
But she will cut loose, I know, some day,
We hope that her joys never will end
And a stack of good wishes to her we send.

RAYMOND ROWE

Raymond is our quietest boy,
The girls at all he does not annoy,
But looking in "Hamlet" you have done,
"Give all thy ears and few thy tongue."

MARION RYAN

Marion from Hinsdale Mass.
Is our most winsome lass,
Fair of complexion and fair of face,
She will win out in life's long race.

SARA SAGARIN

Sara the carrier of all school talk
In the basement, first floor, out on the walk,
Never a thing has Sara missed
Maybe she'll be a great journalist.

MARGUERITE SARGENT

Musically inclined seems our Marguerite
A ukulele strings she picks quite neat,
Marguerite, to say the least,
Music hath charms, to soothe the savage beast.

WINTHROP SHEERIN

Winthrop is full of humor and wit,
Always ready at any time,
With a story, a joke, or some funny rhyme.

MARGARET STANTON

When looking for a friendship true
Margaret's one who will stand by you
If fortune favors her with a beckoning call
We know she will go with a smile for us all.

EDMOND TEOT

Never a worry, never a care,
In rainy weather or weather fair,
Edmond goes on never in a hurry,
One thing at a time and he will not worry.

MARY TOLCHOV

As red as a beet when it is cut,
Describes the blush on Mary's face,
Blushing proclaims the presence of health,
And so Mary to you is no disgrace.

MYRON WHITING

If Myron is skinny please don't scoff
As fat as a match with the wood shaved off,
A fat person's calamity we know instead,
Is ashes to keep from rolling out of bed.

DORIS WILKINSON

Popularity is a position hard to procure,
Friends many you must secure,
A helping hand outstretched at all times,
Speaks well of Doris and her frame of mind.

*Frances Rawson,
John Archambeault.*

Prophecy of the June Class of 1924

J WAS strangely elated that day, and somehow, felt young again. It was just twenty-six years since I had left dear old Commercial, and now to come upon one of my old-time classmates was enough to send my memory speeding back over the years in the space of twenty-six minutes, and Sara Rudolphino, nee Sara Sagarin, suddenly brought me to the realization that I had sadly neglected my old schoolmates. Sara was greatly changed. I don't suppose she'd like it if she heard me call her Sara, as she's a Sheikess now and demands to be called by her rightful title. After curtly informing me that I was totally unacquainted with the ways of the desert people, and that it was unmannerly of me to link my arm with hers, I at last managed to piece the romance together. It appears that Sara had found her paradise in the desert regions of Peru. To tell who Sara's Sheik is, would be a breach of faith. However, he and Sara were continually at war with the cannibal tribes that infested the wilds of Dalton. These head hunters were ruled by an odd looking queen, who, I was at last forced to admit, much to my grief, was no other than Freda Meiowitz, and Freda used to be such a quiet little girl too. She did have one redeeming quality, however, and preferred to eat the men rather than the women. It was her habit to save the eyes of her victims and, after gathering a sufficient number, to wear them around her neck as beads. She explained that the different colors made such an interesting study for her.

My head began to droop and I soon fell asleep in the Morris Chair, with a warm blanket clasped about me. Faintly, away off in the distance, I heard the strains of a violin. Gradually the sound came nearer and nearer until I was fearful lest the notes pierce my eardrums. With a groan I pulled the blanket over my head, and peeked out of a hole in it to discover, horror of horrors, that the player was Mayre Baranzelli who was attempting to render the latest song hit of 1950, "It Ain't Goin' to Rain No Mo", while Mildred Guidi accompanied her on the piano with "Beyond the Alps is Italy and Beyond the Altar Is the Washtub".

Then, before my astonished eyes Marguerite Burr and George Noble passed, closely followed by their SMALL family consisting of seven children who answered to the names of Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, and George was kept busy every day in an effort to carry them all piggy-back to and from his daily work.

There was a flash of light and something struck the earth with a bang. I instantly discovered that it was Johnny Archambeault, who, after spiriting Doris Wilkinson away from her home up on Mars, and leaving a farewell note pinned to a star, had rapidly traveled to earth. He explained to me that Arthur Grenier was up to his old tricks and was attempting to build a railroad to the Moon, while Edmund Teot sat by and laughed. I also heard from good authority that Harold Palmer had his eye on one of the mermaids of Pontoosuc Lake, while Ralph Levernoch, for whom we predicted a Barrymore career, turned out to be the town dog-catcher.

It seems as if Irene LaNois had saved enough money in the bank at Commercial in her school days to take her up to Mars also, and with sparkling eyes she explained that the story of the giant and the seven mile boots that we consider a fable down here on Old Mother Earth, was a reality up on Mars, and that one step up there would carry the walker entirely over a small village. At this point in her story Artis Diefendorf, in that wonderful tenor voice of his, began to sing "Where Did You Get That Stuff?" to show that he didn't believe a word of it. I myself think that it was very rude of him, as Irene refused to continue with her story.

Beatrice Mackie strolled leisurely by and, I must admit, had her head tipped a wee bit in the air. However, she managed to give me a smile and stated that she was the private secretary of John A. Ford, the president of the United States of the year 1950. Here Mary Tolchov broke in and declared that she was the one and only reason for our former principal's being at the White House, and, would you believe it, Mary never blushed at all while telling me this. When I asked how she was cured of this blushing habit that had so handicapped her in the past, she explained that she had found her cure in that she continually looked at Theodora Kilian and forgot to blush in wondering how much taller Theo would grow. At present she was hovering close to the seven foot mark.

I found that Ruth Newton had the world at her feet—she lived in a balloon, while Alice Millington was trying to invent a way to be in two places at once, and so far, had utterly failed. However, I urged Alice to keep up the good work and was seconded in this wish by Frank Fulhan, who was running a public information bureau, and answered any question from, "How to Catch Fleas", to "Where is My Husband Tonight?"

The change in Rose O'Donnell made me shed a tear over her sad fate. Her hair was pulled back straight from her forehead, and "silver threads among the gold" could be seen here and there, although Rose persisted in saying that these gray streaks were only spots of powder that the wind had blown over her shoulder and up on her hair while she was powdering her pert little nose. Sorrowfully she told me that that vamp Marion Ryan had stolen her old sweetheart, and, with her hands tightly clasped over her heart, tonelessly declared that all men are beasts.

I next visited the poorhouse and found that Mildred Bruce, Elizabeth Ring, and Frances Rawson, occupied seats of honor. Frances, however, received a goodly sum for her poetry, but declared that she preferred rooming at the poor-

house, as there was such a peaceful air about it. "It's so much like Richmond," she continued.

Suddenly I was awakened from my dreams, only to find Dot Prew nearly scratching the arm off of me in her excitement to tell me about her vacation trip. Dot was a noted artist and had travelled in search of new and unusual ideas. She related the following story exclaiming joyfully: "Oh, Gladys, what do you think? I've been having the most wonderful time and you would never, never guess whom I've seen, so I will just have to tell you.

"To begin with, Gladys, I met Marion Eichstedt on the street and she was holding on to her face. She seemed surprised to see me, and said that she was still living with her aunt, but expected to be married in the fall if Elton had money enough to buy the license. Finally she complained of toothache, and said she was on the way to the dentist. Naturally I asked where she was going, and she said, "Dr. Downs'", and asked me if I knew that May Downs was a prominent dentist.

"The next morning I was in my room at the hotel when the maid brought up a card bearing the name, "Miss Gladys Bell". I could hardly wait to see her, and told the maid to send her right up. Gladys said, upon entering, that she had learned of my presence in the city through the daily paper. She didn't have a great deal of news but showed me the new way she had her hair done. Really it was attractive and I admired it very much, whereupon she told me that she had just come from the hairdresser's, a most select one, operated by Mademoiselle Carnute. I made up my mind to go right down to see Lucy and find out all the news from her, which I did. On the way I stopped to look at some photographs in a window and saw Bella Levine rushing around inside. I stepped in and Bella met me at the door asking, "Sitting or standing?" I laughed, and she immediately recognized me. After a whoop that would do honor to an Indian I told her that I had discovered that Kathleen Flynn had taken a position as "Queen of the Hot Dog Stand", and that Grace Lamb was an old maid school marm and that in her old age she had become vain and bobbed her shining locks.

"I then made my way to Lucy's and just as I was about to go in, whom should I bump into but Ruth Aronstein, with her bob newly marcelled. In answer to my inquiry she divulged the secret that she was head hairdresser at Wanamaker's, New York. After visiting with Lucy for a time I called a taxi, which to my wonderment was operated by Myron Whiting. I stopped at an art shop in search for souvenirs. Great was my delight when I came upon a collection painted by Christine McCann, and disregarding the high price, I purchased them. Helen Brown was the clerk in this store, however, and was having a race with Dorothy Decker to see who could chew gum the faster. When I left, the score was a tie.

"The next day being Sunday I decided to rest and immediately began by picking up a newspaper. There in huge letters was the following headline: BURGLAR GIVEN SIX YEARS IN SING SING. Sentence was pronounced by the Hon. Winthrop Sheerin. Reading further I saw that Lena Jacob had given a large sum of money to a rural school. I can't imagine where *she* got the money. Much to my delight I read that Florence Hunt and a friend were travel-

ling through the Yellowstone Park and she was writing a history of the Indians who used to inhabit that region. Turning to the advertisements I saw the following ad: "Wanted—position by a competent stenographer with a Civil Service training. Write Miss Alice Lucas, Richmond, Mass."

"Later I went out for a short walk and met Dorothy Clemens and Gladys Mercier strolling through the park. Gladys told me about her work in the gymnasium and explained that Dorothy was a Kindergarten teacher assisted by Edna Woodward. Frances Cooper was selling such books as "Hamlet", "Macbeth", as she was devoted to Shakespeare's works. Raymond Rowe was head elevator man in England Brothers.

"I then visited the Museum and was delighted to find Betty O'Neil in charge. She was enthusiastic over Dan Coffey and did nothing but talk about him. I wasn't surprised, however, as it was well known that they eloped the year after graduation. Betty did stop talking about her Romeo long enough to tell me that Lorraine Gannon had set up a hat shop on Fenn Street and that Marguerite Sargent and Margaret Stanton were furnishing the music for the Spa Theater and were typical old maids.

"I soon returned to the hotel to find that Ruth Nagelschmidt was waiting for me, and we had the loveliest chat. She told me that she was a teacher in the new High School.

"The next morning on the way down-town, I met Mildred Murphy who said that she was looking around for a second-hand Ford to take back to her farm in Richmond where she and Helen Hawley were working diligently to cultivate vegetables, oysters, squashes, and onions, and, Gladys, Ruby Bonnivier is teaching the school in Richmond. Well—now I've got that off my mind, so—" and I again fell into a peaceful slumber to dream of my classmates and the happy days we spent together at Commercial High School.

*Gladys Bramley
Dorothy Prew*



PRO-MERITO

Dear Graduate:

SHOW this to *Daddy-to Mother.*

They owe you a portrait just as you look on Graduation Day.

Many and many a time in days to come will you proudly and with pleasure show this portrait to your friends. There will be no regrets later if you and your parents decide now to favor us with an early call, here at the studio, for a sitting.

We specialize in Graduation portraits at all prices and in styles specially designed in the newest fashion—just as you like them.

Alfred W. Jacob

30 NORTH STREET
Over Stevenson Co.

The Photographer in Your Town

Mrs. Bennett: "What proclamation did Lincoln issue on New Year's Day?"

Thomas Reilly: "The Proclamation of Independence."

Francis Sheridan: "Do you think dreams are unlucky?"

Lisle Studley: "Rather, if they come in school hours."

Warren Shaw: "How are cases of wood alcohol usually marked?"

Bernie Jordan: "Omit flowers."

W. Maloney: "You're a regular ladies' man."

E. Reilly: "Say you haven't got much to say."

Mr. Brierly: "Don't forget I'm here, boys."

Jack Gamwell: "I fell off my bicycle last week and was knocked senseless."

Bernice Jordan: "When do you expect to get better?"

Evelyn Watson: "What two kinds of fruit go well together?"

Robert Nelson: "I don't know."

Evelyn: "Dates and peaches."

Jake Samuel: "I stayed at the High Binders Hotel last night."

Morris Levine: "Yeh."

Jake: "Sure did. He's the king profiteer all right."

Morris: "How come?"

Jake: "I complained this morning of having a nightmare and he charged me for a livery rig."

Ev. White (at the Hop): "You should change your style of dancing."

George Donald: "In what way?"

Ev. White: "Occasionally step on my other foot."

John Gamwell: "Why do all the girls snub Bernie."

Herbert Wollison: "Because she was voted the prettiest and most popular."

Ann Burwell: "What is play?"

Virginia Waugh: "A very important business that school interrupts."

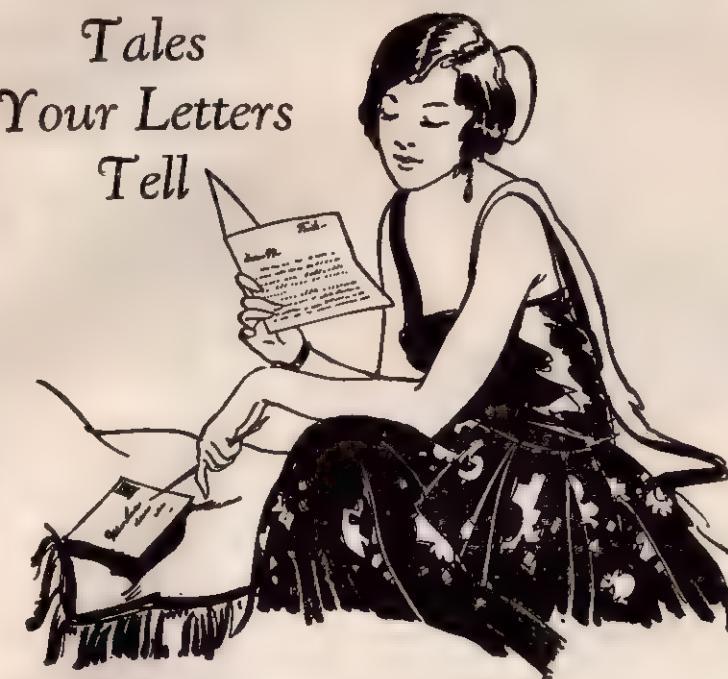
Alice McDowell: "It's very good of you to ask me to this dance."

Ray Nelligan: "Don't mention it—it's a charity ball."

Miss Morris: "What do I mean by 'correcting'?"

J. Mandell: "Tearing to pieces."

Tales
Your Letters
Tell



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You have an individual handwriting style. Your letters tell your character and temperament to the one who knows how to read them.

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Cecil Lovejoy: "I must get my overcoat down at the station."

Dot Moran: Checked wasn't it?"

Cecil: "No brown."

Mr. Hayes: "Were you detained by the inclemency of the weather?"

Leo Johnson: "No, the rain."

Dan Coffey: "I didn't see you in church Sunday."

Tom Conry: Don't doubt it, I took up the collection."

D. Dannybuski: "I flunked that exam cold."

J. Samuel: "I thought it was easy."

D. Dannybuski: "It was but I put vaseline on my hair and my mind slipped."

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Old Gentleman: "Why are you fishing my boy? Don't you know you ought to be in school?"

Eddie McGee: "There now! I knew I'd forgotten something."

Tom Doyle: "Your face is strangely familiar. I'm sure I've seen you somewhere before."

E. Yeadon: "Yes, you have. You saw me standing in a street car, all the way from North Adams, while you sat."

Mr. Bulger: "What is a vacuum?"

Gladys Briggs: "I have it in my head, but I can't express it."

Louise Wolveen, anxiously in English test: "Oh, who did write Milton's Minor Poems?"

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Proper Way of Operating a 'Pony' Stable	By Jack Gamwell
How to Comb Hair so it Will "Stay Put"	By John Mandel

Mr. Goodwin (to tardy pupil): "Why are you late?"

Ethel Hackebiel: "I saw a sign."

Mr. Goodwin: "Well, what has the sign got to do with it?"

Ethel Hackebiel: "School ahead, go slow."

Joe Russo: "Nice weather we are having."

His Boss: "Since when have we been partners?"

Mother: "That's twice you've come home and forgotten to bring the lard."

Ray Nelligan: "Yes, it's so greasy it slipped my mind."

Visitor (comforting Ed Reilly, who had upset a bottle of ink on the new carpet): "Never mind, Eddie, no use to cry over spilled milk."

Eddie (indignantly): "Any dunee knows that. If it's milk that's spilled all you have to do is to call the cat in an she'll lick it up cleanern' anything. But this ain't milk, an' mother'll do the lickin', that's wot ails me."

Mrs. Knight: "What's that for?"

Mable Knight: "Why that's a barometer, it tells when it is going to rain."

Mrs. Knight: "What's the use of wasting money on that when Providence has given your father rheumatism?"

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M. Merriman: "What kind of a table has the fewest legs?"

T. Nelson: "I can't imagine."

Minnie: "A time table of course."

The questioner: "What is the greatest depth you can reach?"

Willard Maloney (ready to dive): "A little over five miles."

Questioner: "Impossible you would never come up."

Willard: "I never said I would."

Teacher: "How many times must I tell you not to be late for Sunday School?"

"Bus" Rodgers: "Only once a week ma'am."

Mr. Lucey: "Now then, Reilly, have you proved that proposition?"

Ed Reilly: "Well, proved is a pretty big word for me, but I can say I've rendered it highly probable."

Mrs. Bennett (in History Class): "The first man was found in India."

Alice Ferry (dreamily): "Who found him?"

Kath Reinhardt: "Why are real friends like ghosts?"

E. Behan: "Got me."

Katherine: "They are often heard of but seldom seen."

O. Hildebrandt: "What makes Helen so disliked?"

C. Keegan: "She got the most votes for being popular."

N. Rosenthal: "How did you become such a wonderful orator?"

W. Maloney: "I began by addressing envelopes."

Teacher: "Dear me, Tommy, how dirty your hands are. What would you say if I came to school with dirty hands?"

Tom Reilly: "I'd be too polite to mention it."

Roma Duker (at P. H. S. lunch counter): "Ah we're in luck, steak today."

Sophie Cohen: "Yea, tough luck."

Mr. Hayes (to Mike Flynn who is late for class): "When were you born, Flynn?"

Michael: "2nd of April."

Mr. Hayes: "Late again."

Tom Conry: "That horse knows as much as I do."

Helene Lummus: "Well don't tell anybody. You might want to sell him someday."

Miss Morse: "What was the result of the Flood?"

D. Danybuski: "Mud."

Mr. Knight (in Geom): "Miss Briggs, stand aside so I can see your figure."

Geo. Kelley: "I had my nose broken in three places during the summer."

Ruth Gordon: "But why do you persist in going to those places?"

Mike Flynn (in crowded trolley car) "Would you like to squeeze in here?"

Nellie Lovejoy: "Yes, but what would the chaperon say?"

Mrs. Bennett never flunks seniors.

Mr. Brierly gives the male seniors A's.

Charlie Knight is glad that corporal punishment is not allowed.

Mr. Goodwin teaches freshmen.

Miss Morris never explains by gestures.

Mr. Strout never had to give a senior a few days' vacation.

Mr. Hayes never threatens to flunk seniors.

Miss Mills never "kids" the seniors.

Miss Flynn thinks that the senior class is a very handsome one.

Sheriff Russell treats the girls roughly.

Miss Morris believes in senior privileges.

Mr. Rudman never gets excited.

Mr. Lucey is not popular with seniors.

According to Mr. Hayes' psychology, besides the doors, there are seven exits from his room for seniors.

Miss Casey has tamed the "gang" in Room 14.

The class of '24 never "pulled the wool" over Mrs. Bennett's eyes.

Mr. Goodwin never raves.

Miss Morris never gives her classes hard assignments especially before the holidays.

The silver-tongued Mr. Hayes has many times during the past four years held the assemblies spellbound with his bursts of eloquence.

Mrs. Bennett doesn't let the seniors use slang,—nor does "Captain" Brierly.

Miss Morris is liberal with her A's.

The fourth period review math. class will soon forget Room 8 and the "Eagle" bulletin.

Miss Flynn never sends anyone to the office.

Mrs. Bennett believes all plumbers are honest.

Mr. Strout allows class meetings during school time.

Miss Pfeiffer is not characterized by her smile.

Mr. Bulger has often dismissed seniors from his laboratory by force.

Mr. Brierly is not popular with the girls, nor does he like them.

Miss Casey is always on time.

Mr. Brierly and Mrs. Bennett can tell the Reilly twins apart.

And it's all a "lot of bunk"

Mr. Russell: "You shouldn't smile, little one."

B. Jordan: "And why not?"

E. J. R.: "It lights up your face and might set off the powder."

Father: "What did you do with the last 10 I gave you?"

R. Nelson: "I spent a dollar for candy and oranges and the rest on dates."

Virginia Waugh: "Why have words roots, Pa?"

Mr. Waugh: "To make the language grow, my child."

Ed Hebert: "What do you know about real estate business?"

G. Woleott: "Lots."

Miss Bligh: "For what was Lincoln noted?"

Alice: "For his great memory."

Miss Bligh: "What makes you think his memory was so great?"

Alice: "Because I saw a monument erected to his memory."

Dorothy Rhoades: "My grandfather has reached the age of ninety-six, isn't that wonderful?"

Eddie McGee: "Wonderful, nothing. Look at the time it took him to do it."

Farmer: "You look tired out, young man, are you overworked?"

Lloyd Williams: "I'm studying for a lawyer."

Farmer: "Well why the heck don't he study for himself."



Ev. White: "When are tailors and house agents following the same business?"

E. Gannon: "Dunno."

Evelyn: "When they are gathering in rents."

Winthrop Gregory: "Did you eat yet?"

Dan Coffee: "What do you think I've been doin'—fastin' for 18 years?"

Mr. Bulger: "Give the formula for air."

Joe Russo: "A. I. R."

Herb Wollison: "I wish I could get into some business where you don't have to begin at the bottom."

Tom Reilly: "Try ditch-digging."

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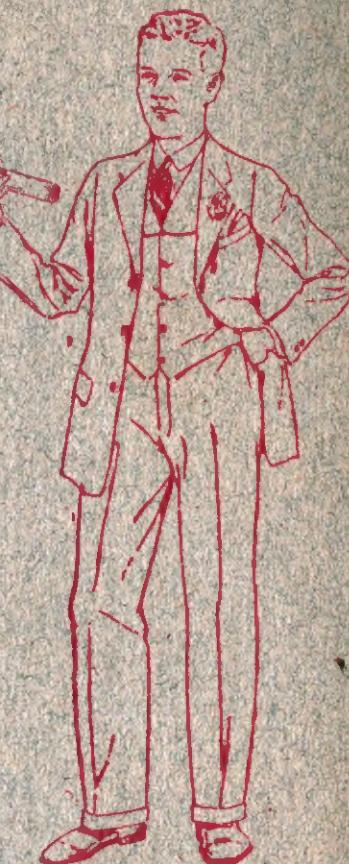
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